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Byron

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1866.

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LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, the only son of Captain Byron, and Catherine, sole child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq., of Gight, in Scotland, was born on the 22d January, 1788, in Holles street, London. His father, a man of dissolute and extravagant habits, died in 1791, at Valenciennes, leaving his widow, who was then residing at Aberdeen, to support herself and her son on a pittance of £135 per annum. In 1794, his cousin, the grandson of the fifth Lord Byron, died at Corsica, and he became the presumptive heir to the peerage. The fifth Lord Byron died in 1798, and he succeeded to the title; and in the autumn of that year, removed with his mother from Aberdeen to Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, which since the reign of Henry VIII. had been in the possession of the ancient family of Byron. Lord Byron had received the first rudiments of education at a grammar-school in Aber-

deen. He was next sent, in 1799, to the school of Dr. Glennie at Dulwich, and in 1801 to Harrow, which he quitted in 1805. He is described by the head-master of the latter school, the Rev. Dr. Drury, as sensitive in disposition, intractable except by gentle means, shy, defectively educated, and ill prepared for a public school; but exhibiting the germs of considerable talent, though it does not appear to have been then foreseen in what mode his talents would display themselves. He excelled in declamation; and oratory rather than poetry was thought to be the prevailing bent of his genius. He seems to have been an active and spirited boy, at first unpopular, but finally a favorite; ardent in his school friendships, and jealous of the attachment of those whom he preferred. Among these the most learned were Lords Clare and Delawarr, the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Harness, and Mr. Wingfield. He was on friendly but less intimate terms with the most distinguished of his schoolfellows, the late Sir Robert Peel. In classical scholarship Lord Byron acknowledged himself very inferior to Peel; but he was thought superior to him and to most others in general information. This was indeed extensive to a very unusual degree; and he has left on record an almost incredible list of works, in many various departments of literature, which he had read before the age of fifteen.

In October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. He slighted the university,

neglected its studies, and rebelled against its authority. Meanwhile he had commenced his poetical career, but at first feebly and with faint promise of future excellence. He first attempted poetry as early as 1800, under the inspiration of a boyish attachment to his young cousin, a daughter of Admiral Parker. In November, 1806, he caused to be printed by Ridge, a bookseller at Norwich, for private circulation, a small volume of poems, among which one, written at the age of fifteen, is remarkable as containing a presage of his future fame. Some of the poems in this collection were of too licentious a character; and, on the advice of Mr. Becher, a gentleman to whom the first copy had been presented, it was with praiseworthy promptitude suppressed, and replaced by a purified edition. In 1807 appeared his first published work, *The Hours of Idleness;* a collection of poems little worthy of his talent, and chiefly remembered through the castigation which it received from the *Edinburgh Review.* To this critique, which galled but did not depress him, we owe the first spirited outbreak of his talent, the satire entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* which was published in 1809. The length of this poem was increased, and many changes made in it, during its progress through the press. Censures of individuals were turned into praises and praises into censures, with all the fickleness and precipitance of his age and character. It contained many harsh judgments,

of which he afterwards repented; and able and vigorous as the satire was, and creditable to his talents, the time soon arrived when he was laudably anxious to suppress it. A few days previous to the publication of this satire, on the 17th of March, 1809, he took his seat in the House of Lords. He seems on that occasion to have keenly felt the loneliness of his position. He was almost unknown to society at large; there was no peer to introduce him; and his mortification led him to receive with ungracious coldness the welcome of the lord-chancellor. His unfriended situation inspired him with disgust, and chilled his incipient longing for parliamentary distinction; and even a few days after taking his seat he retired to Newstead Abbey, and engaged with his friend Mr. (now Sir J. C.) Hobhouse to travel together on the Continent. About the end of June the friends sailed together from Falmouth to Lisbon; travelled through part of Portugal and the south of Spain to Gibraltar; sailed thence to Malta and afterwards to Albania, in which country they landed on the 29th of September. From this time till the middle of the spring of 1811, Lord Byron was engaged in visiting many parts of Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor; staying long at Athens, Constantinople, and Smyrna. He touched again on his return at Malta, quitted it on the 2d of June, and early in July, after two years absence, landed in England. His affairs during this period had fallen into disorder, and it be-

came advisable to sell either Rochdale or Newstead. The latter he was then most anxious to retain, and professed that it was his "only tie" to England, "if he parted with that he should remain abroad." In a letter to a friend, written during his homeward voyage, he thus expresses his melancholy sense of his condition: "Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, — solitary without a wish to be social, — with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust yet unbroken, — I am returning home, without a hope and almost without a desire." This gloom was still deepened by numerous afflictions. His mother died on the 1st of August, without his having seen her again since his return to England, and he was deprived by death of five other relatives and friends between that and the end of August. "In the short space of one month," he says, "I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable." Amongst the latter were Wingfield, and Matthews, the brother of the author of *The Diary of an Invalid.* At this period of distress, he was approaching unsuspectingly a remarkable epoch of his fame. He had composed while abroad two poems, very different in character, and which he regarded with strangely misplaced feelings; the one called *Hints from Horace*, a weak imitation of his former satire; the other, the first two cantos of *Childe Harold.* The former he intended to publish immediately; but the latter he thought of so disparagingly (owing probably

to the injudicious comments of the single friend who had hitherto seen it), that it might probably have never become known to the public but for the wise advice of Mr. Dallas. In compliance with the request of that gentleman, he withheld the *Hints from Horace*, which would have been injurious rather than beneficial to his fame; and allowed *Childe Harold* to be offered for publication. He received from his publisher, Mr. Murray, £600 for the copyright, which he gave to Mr. Dallas. The publication was long delayed; for, though placed in the publisher's hands in August, it did not appear till the beginning of March, 1812. It, however, received during this interval considerable improvements; and the fears of the author were allayed by the approbation of Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and then editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The success of the poem exceeded even the anticipation of this able critic; and Lord Byron emerged at once from a state of loneliness and neglect, unusual for one in his sphere of life, to be the magnet and idol of society. As he tersely says in his memoranda, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." A few days before the publication of *Childe Harold*, he attracted attention, but in a minor degree, by his first speech in the House of Lords on the subject of the housebreaking bill. He opposed it, and with ability; and his first oratorical effort was much commended by Sheridan, Sir F. Burdett, and Lords Grenville and Holland. He

had prepared himself, by having committed the whole of his speech to writing. It was well received, and he was extremely gratified by its success. He might perhaps have been incited by the praises it received to seek political distinction; but the greater success which attended his poem turned his ambitious feelings into a different channel. He nevertheless spoke again about six weeks afterwards, on a motion of Lord Donoughmore, in favor of the claims of the Roman Catholics, but less successfully than before. Less clearness was displayed in the matter of his speech, and his delivery was considered as theatrical. In the autumn of this year he wrote an address, at the request of the Drury Lane Committee, to be spoken at the reopening of the theatre; and not long afterwards he became a member of that committee. The same autumn he engaged to sell Newstead for £140,000, of which £60,000 was to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years; but this purchase was never completed. In May, 1813, appeared his *Giaour*, a wildly poetical fragment, of which the story was founded on an event that had occurred at Athens while he was there, and in which he was personally concerned. It was written rapidly, and with such additions during the course of printing as to be more than trebled in length, and swelled from about four hundred lines to upwards of fourteen hundred. On the 2d of June in this year he spoke for the last time in the House of Lords, on

presenting a petition from Major Cartwright. He had now apparently ceased to regard parliamentary distinction as a primary object of ambition.

In his journal of November, 1813, is the following entry: "I have declined presenting the debtors' petition, being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice, but I doubt my ever becoming an orator; my first was liked, my second and third, I don't know whether they succeeded or not; I have never set to it *con amore*." In November he had finished his *Bride of Abydos* (written in a week), and it was published the following month. *The Corsair*, a poem of still higher merit and popularity, appeared in less than three months afterwards; it was written in the astonishingly short space of ten days. During the year 1813 he appears to have first entertained a serious intention of marriage, and became a suitor to Miss Milbanke, only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke. His first proposal was rejected; but the parties continued on the footing of friendship, and maintained a correspondence, of which, and of that lady, he thus speaks, and it may be presumed with the most perfect sincerity, in his private journal: "Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very

little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress — a girl of twenty, — peeress, that is to be in her own right, — an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, a metaphysician, and yet withal very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretensions: any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions and a tenth of her advantages." In September, 1814, he made a second proposal by letter, which was accepted; and on the 2d of January, 1815, he was married to Miss Milbanke, at Seaham, the country-seat of her father. The only issue of this marriage, Augusta Ada, was born on the 10th of December, of that year. We cannot lift the veil of their domestic life; we can only state the unfortunate results. On the 15th of January, 1816, Lady Byron left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of her parents, whither Lord Byron was to follow her. She had, with the concurrence of some of Lord Byron's relatives, previously consulted Dr. Baillie respecting the supposed insanity of her husband, and by the advice of that gentleman had written to him in a kind and soothing tone. Lady Byron's impressions of the insanity of Lord Byron were soon removed, but were followed by a resolution on her part to obtain a separation. Conformably to this resolution, Sir Ralph Milbanke wrote to Lord Byron on the 2d of February, proposing such a measure. This proposal Lord Byron at first rejected, but afterwards consented to sign a deed to

that effect. Dr. Lushington, the legal adviser of Lady Byron, has stated in a published letter, that he "considered reconciliation impossible." Of the circumstances which led to such an event, and on which Dr. Lushington founded such an opinion, the public is at present uninformed. We are, therefore, in absence of full and satisfying evidence, bound to suspend our judgment on the merits of this melancholy case, and dismiss it with the foregoing statement of the leading facts.

In the course of the spring he published *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*. He also wrote two copies of verses, which appeared in the public papers, *Fare thee well*, and *A Sketch, from Private Life;* of which his separation from his wife, and the instrumentality which he imputes to an humble individual in conducing to that separation, were the themes. This private circumstance had become the subject of general comment. The majority of those who filled the circles in which Lord Byron had lately lived declared against him, and society withdrew its countenance. Lord Byron, deeply stung by its verdict, hastily resolved to leave the country; and on the 25th of April, 1816, he quitted England for the last time. His course was through Flanders and along the Rhine to Switzerland, where, at a villa called Diodati, in the neighborhood of Geneva, he resided during the summer. From thence he made two excursions, one in the central part of Switzerland, in company with Mr. Hobhouse, and another

shorter excursion with a celebrated poetical compeer, Mr. Shelley, with whom he became acquainted soon after his arrival at Geneva. He remained in Switzerland till October, during which time he had composed some of his most powerful works, the third canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, *The Dream*, part of *Manfred*, and a few minor poems. In October, he quitted Switzerland in company with Mr. Hobhouse, and proceeded by Milan and Verona to Venice. Here he resided from the middle of November, 1816, to the middle of April, 1817. During this period his principal literary occupation was the completion of *Manfred*, of which he rewrote the third act. He visited Rome for about a month in the spring, and then returned to Venice, at which city, or at La Mira, in its immediate vicinity, he resided almost uninterruptedly from this time till 1819. He wrote during this period *The Lament of Tasso*, *Beppo*, the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Foscari*, *Mazeppa*, and part of *Don Juan*. The licentious character of his life while at Venice corresponded but too well with the tone of that production. His able biographer and friend, Mr. Moore, after adverting to his *liaison* with a married Italian woman, says: "Highly censurable in point of morality and decorum as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame ———, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange headlong career of license to which, when

weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly, and, it may be added, defyingly, abandoned himself." This course of unbridled libertinism received its first check from the growth of an attachment, which, as it was still unhallowed, not even the good which it may seem to have done, in the substitution of a purer sentiment, will enable us to regard with satisfaction. In April, 1819, he first became acquainted with the Countess Guiccioli, the young and newly married wife of an elderly Italian nobleman. A mutual attachment, which appears to have commenced on the part of the lady, soon arose between Lord Byron and the Countess Guiccioli. Their passion was augmented by occasional separation, the interest excited by her severe illness during one of their forced absences, and the imprudent complaisance of the husband in leaving them much in the society of each other. They long lived together in a half-permitted state of intimacy, the lady appearing with the consent of her husband to share his protection with that of Lord Byron. But this equivocal position soon terminated in the separation of the Count and Countess Guiccioli. The lady then went to reside with her father; and under his sanction, during the next three or four years, she and Lord Byron enjoyed the intimate possession of each other's society. In December, 1819, Lord Byron quitted Venice for Ravenna, where he remained till the end of October, 1821. During this period he wrote part of *Don Juan*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, *Sarda-*

napalus, a translation of the first Canto of *Pulci's Morgante Maggiore*, and the mysteries, *Heaven and Earth*, and *Cain;* the latter of which may be justly considered as among the most faulty in principle, and powerful in execution, of the productions of his genius. He also wrote a letter on Mr. Bowles's strictures on Pope, dated 7th February, 1821, in which he defends the poet against his commentator; and an answer to an article in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "Remarks on Don Juan;" but this was never published.

During this period an insurrectionary spirit broke out in Italy; the Carbonari appeared; and secret societies began to be formed. The brother of the Countess Guiccioli, Count Pietro Gamba, espoused the cause of the insurgents, and through his means Lord Byron became implicated in the proceedings of that party. In his private journal of 16th February, 1821, Lord Byron complains of the conduct of that gentleman and others, in sending to his house, without apprising him, arms, with which he had a short time previously furnished them at their request, and thereby endangering his safety, and exposing him to the vengeance of the government, which had lately issued a severe ordinance against all persons having arms concealed. In July, 1821, the father and brother of Madame Guiccioli were ordered to quit Ravenna, and repaired with that lady first to Florence, and afterwards to Pisa, where they were joined in October by Lord Byron. He remained

at Pisa till September, 1822, Madame Guiccioli still living with him under the sanction of her father, who, in consequence of one of the conditions of her separation from her husband, was always to reside with her under the same roof. While here he lost his illegitimate daughter Allegra, and his friend Shelley, who was drowned in July, 1822, in the Bay of Spezzia. The body was burned, and Lord Byron assisted at this singular rite. His principal associates during this time had been the Gambas, Shelley, Captain Medwyn, and Mr. Trelawney. He had also become associated with the brothers John and Leigh Hunt, in a periodical paper called *The Liberal;* a transaction certainly disinterested, inasmuch as it does not appear that he expected either profit or fame to accrue to himself from the undertaking; and he seems to have allowed his name to be connected with it from a desire to serve the Hunts, of whom Leigh Hunt with his wife and family received an asylum in his house. An affray with a serjeant-major at Pisa rendered his residence in that city less agreeable; and his removal from it was at length determined by an order from the Tuscan government to the Gambas to quit the territory. Accordingly, in September, 1822, he removed with them to Genoa. While at Pisa he had written, besides his contributions to *The Liberal*, *Werner*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and the remainder of *Don Juan.*

In April, 1823, he commenced a correspondence with the Greek committee, through Messrs. Blaquiere

and Bowring, and began to interest himself warmly in the cause of the Greeks. In May he decided to go to Greece; and in July he sailed from Genoa in an English brig, taking with him Count Gamba, Mr. Trelawney, Dr. Burns, an Italian physician, and eight domestics; five horses, arms, ammunition, and medicine. The money which he had raised for this expedition was 50,000 crowns; 10,000 in specie; and the rest in bills of exchange. In August he arrived at Argostoli, the chief port of Cephalonia, in which island he established his residence till the end of December. His first feelings of exaggerated enthusiasm appear to have been soon cooled. Even as early as October he uses, in letters to Madame Guiccioli, such expressions as, "I was a fool to come here;" and, "Of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto; and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another." During the latter part of this year we find him endeavoring to compose the dissensions of the Greeks among themselves, and assisting them with a loan of £4,000. About the end of December, 1823, he sailed from Argostoli in a Greek mistico, and, after narrowly escaping capture by a Turkish frigate, landed on the 5th of January, 1824, at Missolonghi. His reception here was enthusiastic. The whole population came out to welcome him; salutes were fired; and he was met and conducted into the town by Prince Mavrocordato, and all the troops and dignitaries of the place. But the disorganization which reigned

in this town soon depressed his spirits, which had been raised by this reception, and filled his mind with reasonable misgivings of the success of the Greek cause. Nevertheless his resolution did not seem to fail, nor did he relax in his devotion to that cause, and in his efforts to advance it. About the end of January, 1824, he received his commission from the Greek government as commander of the expedition against Lepanto, with full powers, both civil and military. He was to be assisted by a military council, with Bozzari at its head. Great difficulties attended the arrangement of this expedition, arising principally from the dissensions and jealousies of the native leaders, and the mutinous spirit of the Suliote troops; with which latter, on the 14th of February, Lord Byron came to a rupture, in consequence of their demand, that about a third part of the number should be raised from common soldiers to the rank of officers. Lord Byron was firm, and they submitted on the following day. Difficulties in the civil department harassed him at the same time, aggravated by a difference of opinion between himself and Colonel Stanhope, on the subject of a free press, which the latter was anxious to introduce, and for which, on the other hand, Lord Byron considered that Greece was not yet ripe. On the 15th of February, the day of the professed submission of the Suliotes, he was seized with a convulsive fit, and for many days was seriously ill. While he was on a sick-bed, the mutinous Suliotes burst into his room,

demanding what they called their rights; and, though his firmness then controlled them, it soon afterwards became necessary to get rid of these lawless soldiers, by a bribe of a month's pay in advance, —and with their dismissal vanished the hopes of the expedition against Lepanto. After this he turned his mind chiefly to the fortification of Missolonghi, the formation of a brigade, and the composition of the differences among the Greek chieftains. Since his attack in February he had never been entirely well. Early in April, he caught a severe cold, through exposure to rain. His fever increased, and, in consequence of his prejudice against bleeding, that remedy was delayed till it was too late to be effectual. On the 17th, (the second day after he had been bled,) appearances of inflammation in the brain presented themselves. The following day he became insensible, and, about twenty-four hours afterwards, at a quarter past six in the evening of the 19th of April, 1824, Lord Byron breathed his last. Public honors were decreed to his memory by the authorities of Greece, where his loss was deeply lamented. The body was conveyed to England, and on the 16th of July was deposited in the family vault, in the parish church of Hucknell, near Newstead, in the county of Notts. By his will, dated 29th July, 1815, Lord Byron bequeathed to his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, during her life, and after her death to her children, the moneys arising from the sale of all such property, real and personal, as was not settled upon Lady Byron

and his issue by her. The executors were Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor.

The personal appearance of Lord Byron was prepossessing. His height was five feet eight and a half inches; his head small; his complexion pale; hair dark brown, and curly; forehead high; features regular and good, and somewhat Grecian; eyes light gray, but capable of much expression. He was lame in the right foot, owing, it is said, to an accident at his birth; which circumstance seems always to have been to him a source of deep mortification, little warranted by its real importance. It did not prevent him from being active in his habits, and excelling in various manly exercises. He was a very good swimmer; successfully crossed the Hellespont in emulation of Leander; swam across the Tagus, a still greater feat; and, greatest of all, at Venice, in 1818, from Lido to the opposite end of the grand canal, having been four hours and twenty minutes in the water without touching ground. In his younger days he was fond of sparring; and pistol shooting, in which he excelled, was his favorite diversion while in Italy. In riding, for which he professed fondness, he did not equally excel. He was nervous, both on horseback and in a carriage, though his conduct in Greece, and at other times, proved his unquestionable courage on great occasions. He had always a fondness for animals, and seemed to have preferred those which were of a ferocious kind. A bear, a wolf, and sundry bull-

dogs, were at various times among his pets. The habits of his youth, after the period of boyhood, were not literary and intellectual; nor were his amusements of a refined or poetical character. He was always shy, and fond of solitude; but when in society, lively and animated, gentle, playful, and attractive in manner; and he possessed the power of quickly conciliating the friendship of those with whom he associated. He was very susceptible of attachment to women. The objects of his strongest passions appear to have been Miss Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters, and the Countess Guiccioli. His amours were numerous, and there was in his character a too evident proneness to libertinism. His constitution does not seem ever to have been strong, and his health was probably impaired by his modes of life. He was abstemious in eating, sometimes touching neither meat nor fish. Sometimes also he abstained entirely from wine or spirits, which at other times he drank to excess, seldom preserving a wholesome moderation and regularity of system. His temper was irascible, yet placable. He was quickly alive to tender and generous emotions, and performed many acts of disinterested liberality, even toward those whom he could not esteem, and in spite of parsimonious feelings, which latterly gained hold upon him. He was a man of a morbid acuteness of feeling, arising partly from original temperament, and partly from circumstances and habits. He had been ill edu-

cated; he had been severely tried; his early attachments, and his first literary efforts, had equally been unfortunate; he had encountered the extremes of neglect and admiration; pecuniary distresses, domestic afflictions, and the unnerving tendency of dissipated habits, had all conspired to aggravate the waywardness of his excitable disposition. It is evident, that, in spite of his assumed indifference, he was always keenly alive to the applause and censure of the world; and its capricious treatment of him more than ordinarily encouraged that vanity and egotism which were conspicious traits in his character.

The religious opinions of Lord Byron appear, by his own account of them, to have been "unfixed;" but he expressly disclaimed being one of those infidels who deny the Scriptures, and wish to remain "in unbelief." In politics he was liberal, but his opinions were much influenced by his feelings; and, though professedly a lover of free institutions, he could not withhold his admiration even from tyranny when his imagination was wrought upon by its grandeur. He would not view Napoleon as the enslaver of France; he viewed him only as the most extraordinary being of his age, and he sincerely deplored his fall.

Lord Byron's prose compositions were so inconsiderable that they may almost be overlooked in the view of his literary character. His letters, nevertheless, must not pass wholly unnoticed.

Careless as they are, and hastily written, they are among the most lively, spirited, and pointed specimens of epistolary writing in our language, and would alone suffice to indicate the possession of superior talent. The critical theories of Lord Byron were remarkably at variance with his practice. The most brilliant supporter of a new school of poetry, he was the professed admirer of a school that was superseded. The most powerful and original poet of the nineteenth century, he was a timid critic of the eighteenth. In theory he preferred polish to originality or vigor. He evidently thought Pope the first of our poets; he defended the unities; praised Shakspeare grudgingly; saw little merit in Spenser; preferred his own *Hints from Horace* to his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;* and assigned his contemporaries, Coleridge and Wordsworth, a place far inferior to that which public opinion has more justly accorded to them.

The poetry of Lord Byron produced an immediate effect unparalleled in our literary annals. Of this influence much may be attributed, not only to the real power of his poetry, but also to the impressive identification of its principal characteristics with that which, whether truly or falsely, the world chose to regard as the character of the author. He seemed to have unbosomed himself to the public, and admitted them to view the full intensity of feelings which had never before been poured forth with such eloquent directness. His poems were as tales

of the confessional, portraitures of real passion, not tamely feigned, but fresh and glowing from the breast of the writer. The emotions which he excelled in displaying were those of the most stormy character, — hate, scorn, rage, despair, indomitable pride, and the dark spirit of misanthropy. It was a narrow circle, but in that he stood without a rival. His descriptive powers were eminently great. His works abound with splendid examples; among which the Venetian night-scene from Lioni's balcony, Terni, the Coliseum viewed by moonlight, and the shipwreck in Don Juan will probably rise foremost in the memories of many readers. In description he was never too minute. He selected happily, and sketched freely, rapidly, and bodily. He seized the most salient images, and brought them directly and forcibly to the eye at once. There was, however, in his descriptive talent, the same absence of versatility and variety which characterized other departments of his genius. His writings do not reflect nature in all its infinite change of climate, scenery, and season. He portrayed with surprising truth and force only such objects as were adapted to the sombre coloring of his pencil. The mountain, the cataract, the glacier, the ruin, — objects inspiring awe and melancholy, — seemed more congenial to his poetical disposition than those which led to joy or gratitude.

His genius was not dramatic; vigorously as he portrayed emotions, he was not successful in draw-

ing characters; he was not master of variety; all his most prominent personages are strictly resolvable into one. There were diversities, but they were diversities of age, clime, and circumstance, not of character. They were merely such as would have appeared in the same individual when placed in different situations. Even the lively and the serious moods belonged alike to that one being; but there was a bitter recklessness in the mirth of his lively personages, which seems only the temporary relaxation of that proud misanthropic gloom that is exhibited in his serious heroes; and each might easily become the other. It may also be objected to many of his personages, that, if tried by the standard of nature, they were essentially false. They were sublime monstrosities; — strange combinations of virtue and vice, such as had never really existed. In his representations of corsairs and renegades, he exaggerates the good feelings which may, by a faint possibility, belong to such characters, and suppresses the brutality and faithlessness which would more probably be found in them, and from which it is not possible that they should have been wholly exempt. His plan was highly conducive to poetical effect; but its incorrectness must not be overlooked in an estimate of his delineation of human character. In his tragedies there is much vigor; but their finest passages are either soliloquies or descriptions, and their highest beauties are seldom of a strictly dramatic nature. Many of his dialogues are scarcely

more than interrupted soliloquies; many of his arguments such as one mind would hold with itself. In fact, in his characters, there is seldom that degree of variety and contrast which is requisite for dramatic effect. The opposition was rather that of situation than of sentiment; and we feel that the interlocutors, if transposed, might still have uttered the same things.

It is to be deplored that scarcely any moral good is derivable from the splendid poetry of Lord Byron. The tendency of his works is to shake our confidence in virtue, and to diminish our abhorrence of vice; — to palliate crime, and to unsettle our notions of right and wrong. Even many of the virtuous sentiments which occur in his writings are assigned to characters so worthless, or placed in such close juxtaposition with vicious sentiments, as to induce a belief that there exists no real, definable boundary; and it may perhaps be said with truth, that it would have been better for the cause of morality if even those virtuous sentiments had been omitted. Our sympathy is frequently solicited in the behalf of crime. Alp, Conrad, Juan, Parisina, Hugo, Lara, and Manfred may be cited as examples. They are all interesting and vicious. In the powerful drama of *Cain*, the heroes are Lucifer and the first murderer; and the former is depicted, not like the Satan of Milton, who believes and trembles, but as the compassionate friend of mankind. Resistance to the will of the Creator is represented as dignified and commenda-

ble; obedience and faith as mean, slavish, and contemptible. It is implied that it was unmerciful to have created such as we are, and that we owe the Supreme Being neither gratitude nor duty. Such sentiments are clearly deducible from this drama. Whether they were those of Lord Byron is not certain; but he must be held accountable for their promulgation.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

A

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORACE, lib. 3, ode 1.

Μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἴνεε μήτε τι νείκει.

HOMER, ILIAD, x. 249.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1807.]

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,*

THE AUTHOR.

* [Isabel, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron (great-great uncle of the Poet), became, in 1742, the wife of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, and was the mother of the fifth Earl, to whom this dedication was addressed. This lady was a poetess in her way. The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's "Prayer of Indifference," in Pearch's Collection, is usually ascribed to her.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

In this reprint of Byron the recent English editions have been closely followed. The last and best of these appeared in 1856, in six volumes octavo. Unnecessary notes have here and there been dropped, and many errors of the press corrected. An improved arrangement has been adopted, the plan of which will be perceived at a glance. It is enough to say that all the short "Occasional Pieces" have been placed, with the "Hours of Idleness," in the first volume.

The account of the Life of Lord Byron prefixed to this edition was contributed by Mr. T. H. Lister to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

January, 1860.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

[This preface was omitted in the second edition.]

In submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, "Childish Recollections," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we must "dare greatly;" and I have

hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biased in our favor, and another to write what may please everybody; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe: on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favor which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been

treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honor of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are

thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine,* "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honors granted solely to a title.

* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.*

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
  Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
  And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
  That clay, where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
  Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
  Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
  Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

* The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
  Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
  Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
  And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
  I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
  Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
  Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.*

* [" My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker,) one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her — her dark eyes — her long eye-lashes — her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve — she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret colored, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness — being

TO E——.*

Let Folly smile, to view the names
  Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
  To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
  Since title decked my higher birth!
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
  Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
  Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
  Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——.

In thee, I fondly hoped to clasp
  A friend, whom death alone could sever;

at Harrow and in the country — till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy — a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — all beauty and peace." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

* [This little poem, and some others in the collection, refer

Till envy, with malignant grasp,
  Detached thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,
  Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
  Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
  When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
  Without thee, where would be my heaven?

February, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

"Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος."—LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honored bier!
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;

to a boy of Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment, previous to any of his school intimacies.]

Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honor and thy friend's delight.*
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.

* [From this point the lines in the private edition were entirely different:

Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born
No titles did thy humble name adorn,
To me, far dearer was thy artless love
Than all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove:
For thee alone I lived, or wished to live;
Oh God! if impious, this rash word forgive!
Heart-broken now, I wait an equal doom,
Content to join thee in thy turf-clad tomb;
Where, this frail form composed in endless rest,
I 'll make my last cold pillow on thy breast;
That breast where oft in life I 've laid my head,
Will yet receive me mouldering with the dead;
This life resigned, without one parting sigh,
Together in one bed of earth we 'll lie!
Together share the fate to mortals given;
Together mix our dust, and hope for heaven."

The epitaph is supposed to commemorate the youth who is the subject of the verses "To E——." The latter piece was omitted in the published volume, which, coupled with the obliteration of every allusion to his humble origin in the epitaph, led Moore to infer that growing pride of rank made Byron ashamed of the plebeian friendship.]

What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none! — a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!
No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone: *
If *that* with honor fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
By that remembered, or with that forgot.

1803.

* [By his will, drawn up in 1811, Byron directed, that "no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court." — OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-covered Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,†

tomb;" and, in 1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray: — "Some of the epitaphs at the Cartosa cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance —

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me will see those two words, and no more, put over me."]

* [The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II. On the dissolution of the monasteries, it was granted by Henry VIII. to "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard," whose portrait is still preserved at Newstead.]

† [There is no record of the Byrons having been engaged in the Holy Wars, and Moore conjectures, that the only authority for the notion was some groups of heads, which appear

The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan * slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy; †
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston,‡ with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;

to represent Christian soldiers and Saracens on the old panel-work at Newstead.]

* [Horistan Castle in Derbyshire was an ancient seat of the Byrons. Some ruins of it are yet visible in the park of Horseley.]

† [Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III., and as among the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy.]

‡ The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
  Till death their attachment to royalty sealed.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
  From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
  New courage, he 'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
  'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
  The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
  He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:
  When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own!

1803.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,
From which thou 'dst guard frail female hearts,
Exist but in imagination, —
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;
For he who views that witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
He never wishes to deceive thee:
Once in thy polished mirror glance,
Thou 'lt there descry that elegance
Which from our sex demands such praises,
But envy in the other raises:
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty:
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;
It is not flattery, — 't is truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca —
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,

Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be —
Greater than Jove he seems to me —
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 't is death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parched to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;

My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who sublime in epic numbers rolled
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's * unequal hand alike controlled,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum." — *Lib.* 4.

Cruel Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wished but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again:
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

* [The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.]

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, etc.]

Ye Cupids, droop each little head
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
  Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
  But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrupped oft, and, free from care,
  Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
  Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
  For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
  Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire:
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss:
Nor then my soul should sated be;
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever;
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavor:
Could I desist? — ah! never — never!

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, etc.]

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamors can control,
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
  Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough,
  By Auster on the billows sent
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fixed determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurled,
  He would, unmoved, unawed behold.
The flames of an expiring world,
  Again in crashing chaos rolled,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurled,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;

Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON.

[*Μεσονυκτίαις ποθ' ὥραις, κ. τ. λ.*]

'T WAS now the hour when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Boötes, only, seemed to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force.
My visions fled, alarmed I rose, —
"What stranger breaks my blest repose?"

"Alas!" replies the wily child
In faltering accents sweetly mild,
"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home.
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast.
No prowling robber lingers here.
A wandering baby who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale:
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe.
I drew the bar, and by the light
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart).
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring,
His shivering limbs the embers warm;
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, "if this its strength has lost;
I fear, relaxed with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse."

With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
Then loud the joyous urchin laughed: —
" My bow can still impel the shaft:
'T is firmly fixed, thy sighs reveal it;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδάμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,

The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fixed, nor Jove relentless
frowned.*

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which tears me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have passed some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We viewed the lake, the park, the dell,

* [" My first Harrow verses, (that is, English, as Exercises,) a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master) but coolly. No one had, at that time, the least notion that I should subside into poesy." — *Byron's Diary.*]

And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
  We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,
  And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
  Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
  Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss
  It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,
  In which I rowed you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
  The elm I clambered for your sake.

These times are past — our joys are gone,
  You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes I must retrace alone:
  Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
  The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
  You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
  For this these tears our cheeks bedew;
This is of love the final close,
  Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,
  Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
Yet, I forego that bliss divine,
  Alas! it were unhallowed bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
  How could I dwell upon its snows!
Yet is the daring wish represt,
  For that, — would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
  Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
Yet I conceal my love, — and why?
  I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
  Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
And shall I plead my passion now,
  To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
  United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
  Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
  Let it consume, thou shalt not know:

With joy I court a certain doom,
  Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
  By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
  Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
  More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save,—
  I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
  And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain my soul would dare
  All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
  No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
  No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
  Suffused in tears, implore to stay,
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
  Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
  When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
  Throbbed with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glowed,
  When thy sweet lips were joined to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flowed
  Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
  Thy gushing tears had quenched its flame,
And as thy tongue essayed to speak,
  In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
  In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain, —
  But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
  Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
Nor let thy mind past joys review, —
  Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

When I hear you express an affection so warm,
  Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;

For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;
That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear,

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o er my features,
Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree
Which God has proclaimed as the fate of his creatures,
In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,
Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low, —

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow;
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?
The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
I blast not the fiends who have hurled me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage,
On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its lightning,
With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
  Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
  Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feigned resignation,
  Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
  In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
  Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled?
If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
  Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.*

This votive pledge of fond esteem,
  Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou 'lt prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
  A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
  The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
  In single sorrow doomed to fade?

* [Lord Strangford's translation of Camoens's Amatory Poems was at this period a favorite study with Byron.]

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.*

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Ἁ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ. ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

* [Camoens ended in an alms-house a life of misfortunes.]

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art: [prove,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots re-
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past —
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove —
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.*

WHERE are those honors, Ida! once your own,
When Probus filled your magisterial throne?

* [In March, 1805, Dr. Drury, the "Probus" of this piece, retired from his situation of head-master at Harrow, and was succeeded by Dr. Butler, the "Pomposus." Of the former Byron says in his Diary, "Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and

As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hailed a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
Pomposus holds you in his harsh control;
Pomposus, by no social virtue swayed,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools,
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanctioned but by self-applause.
With him, the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.*

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have strayed,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;

I look upon him still as a father." Of Dr. Butler he says, — "I treated him rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since."]

* In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighboring country:

Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command; *
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renowned in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors,† fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee, —
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn, —

however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

[George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15, 1793, was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22, 1815.]

* At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

† Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not; — they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honors of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart; 't will bid thee, boy, forbear;
For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have marked thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have marked within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hailed her favorite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot —
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,

The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazoned but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonored, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And called, proud boast! the British drama forth.*
Another view, not less renowned for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favored by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordained to shine;
Far, far distinguished from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.†

* [" Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created Earl of Dorset by James I., was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama." — *Anderson's Poets.*]

† [" Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, born in 1637, and died in 1706, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and

Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name;
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were
mine:
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frowned away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell;
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hailed, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.
Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,

the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song, 'To all you Ladies now at Land.' His character has been drawn in the highest colors by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve." — *Anderson's Poets.*]

We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice:
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
If these, — but let me cease the lengthened strain, —
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.*

1805.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.†

HILLS of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,

* [I have just been, or rather ought to be, very much shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met, but once, I think, since 1805 — and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and all I can say for it now is, that — it is not worth breaking. — *Byron's Letters*, 1815.]

† [Miss Chaworth was married to John Musters, Esq., in August, 1805.]

How the northern tempests, warring,
  Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
  Former favorite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
  Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805.

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου, καὶ πάντα κρατήσεις.

OH! could Le Sage's * demon's gift
  Be realized at my desire,
This night my trembling form he 'd lift
  To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroofed, old Granta's halls
  Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
  The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
  Petty and Palmerston survey;

* The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Who canvass there with all their might,
  Against the next elective day.*

Lo! candidates and voters lie,
  All lulled in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renowned for piety,
  Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord Hawke, indeed, may not demur;
  Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
  But very seldom, — now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
  Some pretty livings in disposal:
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
  And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
  I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
  The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp
  The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
  Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

* [On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, Lord Henry Petty and Lord Palmerston were candidates to represent the University of Cambridge in Parliament.]

He surely well deserves to gain them,
  With all the honors of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
  Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
  To scan precisely metres attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
  In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale,*
  Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
  In barbarous Latin † doomed to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
  From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the lettered sage,
  The square of the hypothenuse. ‡

Still, harmless are these occupations,
  That hurt none but the hapless student
Compared with other recreations,
  Which bring together the imprudent;

* Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
  When vice and infamy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
  As every sense is steeped in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
  Who plans of reformation lay:
In humble attitude they sue,
  And for the sins of others pray:

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
  Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
  Of all their boasted self-denial.

'T is morn: — from these I turn my sight.
  What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd, arrayed in white,*
  Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
  'T is hushed: — what sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell
  Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is joined the sacred song,
  The royal minstrel's hallowed strain;
Though he who hears the music long
  Will never wish to hear again.

* On a saint's day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
  Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
  To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
  Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended, —
  In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
  By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were asked to sing, by joy forsaken,
  On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
  Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
  The devil a soul had stayed to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
  The deuce a soul will stay to read:
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
  'T is almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!
  No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires:
  The reader's tired and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos. — VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed, too romantic to last; *

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought; †
The school where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone ‡ I lay;

* [" My school-friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

† [" At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven."— *Ibid.*]

‡ [A tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, was so well known

Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga,* I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop † himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I poured forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits ‡ and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

to be his favorite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's Tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought. — *Moore.*]

* [For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. — *Moore.*]

† Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

‡ "My grand patron, Dr. Drury, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action." — *Diary.*

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
  While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
  More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
  Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
  "Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

TO M——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
  With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
  Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair,
  Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
  That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamped thy beauteous birth,
  So much perfection in thee shone,
She feared that, too divine for earth,
  The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
  Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
  Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appall,
  When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
  But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'T is said that Berenice's hair
  In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
  Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
  Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
  Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.*

1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee:

* "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return" — SHAKSP.

Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
When joined with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand." *

TO M. S. G.

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

For in visions alone your affection can live,—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelop my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doomed but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.*

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,

* [Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all I can record is, that

My constant heart of fear disarms,
  Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
  Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
  The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace — ah, no! that eye,
  Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
  And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
  But where 's the beam so sweetly straying
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
  Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
  Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
  Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
  Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
  Held every sense in fast control.

she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life, — and that she had long light golden hair, of which he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends. — *Moore.*]

Through hours, through years, through time, 't will
cheer;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 't will appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why, — but yet I know not.

Your polished brow no cares have crost;
And, Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
  With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
  One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
  For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And — though our dream at last is ended —
  My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
  Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer hearts than ours
  Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpaired,
  New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
  The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Armed thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
  Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
  Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.] *

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
  Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling o'er thy lovely head,
  Has filled that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
  Vexed to behold such beauty here,
Impelled the bullet's viewless course,
  Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
  The ball obeyed some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
  In pity turned the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
  Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
  Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
  For such an outrage done to thee?

* [The occurrence took place at Southwell, and the beautiful lady to whom the lines were addressed was Miss Houson.]

Arraigned before thy beauty's throne,
  What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
  The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart
  Which but belonged to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
  Is to become no longer free;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
  Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
  Such expiation of my guilt:
Come then, some other mode elect;
  Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
  Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold — one little word forbear!
  Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Ἀεί, δ' ἀεί με φεύγει. — ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
  Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent [dew,

Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
  Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
  In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
  Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen
    breast,
  Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew:"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's represt,
  Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth
  Love twined round their childhood his flowers as
    they grew;
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
  Till chilled by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way
  Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet why do I ask? — to distraction a prey
  Thy reason has perished with love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?
  From cities to caves of the forest he flew:
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind:
  The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
  Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
  He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!
  His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
  And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;
  No more with love's former devotion we sue:
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
  The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
  Astrea declares that some penance is due;
From him who has worshipped at love's gentle shrine,
  The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
  Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
  His cypress the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,* and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue weaned;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, palled with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.†

* In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

† [" When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow — wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford — wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop." — *Diary.* Moore adds, " The sort of life which young Byron led at this period, between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment — rarity and restraint." Byron evidently meant Damætas for a portrait of himself.]

TO MARION.

Marion! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'T is not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips — but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
She blushes, curt'sies, frowns, — in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.

All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were formed for better things than sneering.
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskilled to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 't is ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.*

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fixed, I think we 've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion,
To form the place of assignation.†

* See *ante*, p. 53, note.

† In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the

Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you:
There we can love for hours together,
Much better, in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
That ever witnessed rural loves;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I'll be content to freeze;
No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after.*

Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candor of some ingenious critics. We would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.

* Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has

OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
  The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
  And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
  On Alva's casques of silver played;
And viewed, at midnight's silent noon,
  Her chiefs in gleaming mail arrayed:

And on the crimsoned rocks beneath,
  Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scattered ranks of death,
  She saw the gasping warrior low;

been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, "Carr's Stranger in France." — "As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, 'that the indecorum was in the remark.'"

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronyme and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's "Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

While many an eye which ne'er again
  Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turned feebly from the gory plain,
  Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
  They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmered from above,
  A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
  And grey her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
  Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
  Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
  They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
  A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
  And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
  It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
  No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
  When Angus hailed his eldest born;

The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
  Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
  The pibroch raised its piercing note; *
To gladden more their highland cheer,
  The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
  Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
  While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
  And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
  Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
  On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
  And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
  They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
  And send the whistling arrow far.

* [Byron falls into a very common error, that of mistaking *pibroch*, which means a particular sort of tune, for the instrument on which it is played, the bagpipe.]

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
  Wildly it streamed along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
  And pensive seemed his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar owned a hero's soul,
  His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learned control,
  And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
  Was shivered oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorned to fear,
  But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
  Unworthy with such charms to dwell:
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
  On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
  Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
  Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claimed the beauteous bride,
  And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
  Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
  Hark to the swelling nuptial song

In joyous strains the voices float,
  And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
  Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
  Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
  The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
  Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late:
  Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
  Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan joined the bride:
  "Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
  "With me he roved not o'er the glade:

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
  'T is his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
  Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguished sire rejoined,
  "Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
  Would aught to her impede his way?

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around!
  Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
  Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion — through the vale
  The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
  Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
  But echoes through her shades in vain,
It sounds through morning's misty light,
  But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
  For Oscar searched each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
  His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son! — thou God of Heaven
  Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or if that hope no more is given,
  Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
  My Oscar's whitened bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
  With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live, — away, despair!
  Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;

T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
  O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
  I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er:
  Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
  Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
  And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
  That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now drooped and now revived,
  Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days rolled along, the orb of light
  Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar blessed his father's sight,
  And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remained,
  And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gained,
  For beauty crowned the fair-haired boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
  And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
  Had claimed his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
  In fruitless hope was passed away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
  And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow rolled the moons, but blest at last
  Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
  What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
  Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
  And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
  Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth reëcho loud,
  And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darkened brow
  Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
  The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
  And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
  But light and trackless is his tread.

'T is noon of night, the pledge goes round,
  The bridegroom's health is deeply quaffed;

With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
  And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
  And all the clamorous crowd are hushed;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
  And Mora's tender bosom blushed.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
  Thou saw'st 't was duly drank by me;
It hailed the nuptials of thy son:
  Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
  To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
  Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
  The big tears starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
  This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
  Since Oscar's form has blest my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
  Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'T is well," replied the stranger stern,
  And fiercely flashed his rolling eye;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
  Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy Beltane * yet may burn.

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crowned;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And filled his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turned at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;

* Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

[*Beal-tain* means the fire of Baal, and the name still preserves the primeval origin of this Celtic superstition.]

For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
  On his with deadly fury placed.

"And is it thus a brother hails
  A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
  What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
  "Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"
Internal fear appalled his soul;
  He said, and dashed the cup to earth.

"'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
  Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
  And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
  The stranger's gone, — amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
  And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
  His plume of sable streamed on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
  And fixed was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
  On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frowned on a chief on the ground,
  Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
  The thunders through the welkin ring, [storm,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the
  Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
  Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion pressed old Angus' breast,
  At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away! let the leech essay
  To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done, — his race is run;
  Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
  His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
  With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
  Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
  For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
  Exulting demons winged his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
  And poured her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
  Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?

Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
  The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
  She bade his wounded pride rebel;
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
  Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
  Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
  Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
  Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
  For they were stained with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
  Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
  But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouched, the harp must stand,
  No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
  His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallowed verse,
  Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
  A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

NISUS the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skilled in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorned the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy,
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valor's gifts to share —
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What God," exclaimed the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My laboring soul, with anxious thought oppressed,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be 't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?

Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought: — In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardor fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend addressed the Dardan boy: —
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I tracked Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earned by fleeting breath:
The price of honor is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus, — "Calm thy bosom's fond alarms:
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.

More dear thy worth and valor than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall, — and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance, —
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
Live thou; such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthened term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."
"In vain you damp the ardor of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus; "it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste!" — Their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoyed up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lulled alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each leaned upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first addressed the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed,
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak!
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We 'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.

Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaimed,
"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he pressed,
And, quivering, strained them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedewed,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renewed:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given —
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then: — "By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.

Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown!
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
Two talents polished from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels pressed the Punic wave:
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway
The labors of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteemed, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus: — "No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favor, or the skies may frown,
But valor, spite of fate, obtains renown.

Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have pressed my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast asked, receive," the prince replied;
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's * style but wanting to the dame.

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life! — my sire's most sacred oath —
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vowed,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestowed."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Armed, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is passed, and, favored by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mixed with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scattered troops between:
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
"Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labor share:

Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repressed,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
Stretched at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armor-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his severed neck divides;
And, last, his lord is numbered with the dead:
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swollen veins the blackening torrents pour;
Stained is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, filled with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was passed;
Lulled by the potent grape, he slept at last:
Ah! happier far had he the morn surveyed,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill displayed.

In slaughtered folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;

'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion searched his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatched, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flushed with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is passed;
Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last:
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art embossed,
What bowls and mantles in confusion tossed,
They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;

The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course:
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plundered helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms:—
"Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
From whence, to whom?"—He meets with no reply:
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;

But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs — above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise;
The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys:
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound.
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wished to live?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye: —
"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,

Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfixed his heart, and stretched him on the clay.
He sobs, he dies, — the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven.
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;
Veiled by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he viewed his soldiers fall.
"Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all!"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, me, — your vengeance hurl on me alone;
Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest!
He could not — durst not — lo! the guile confest!
All, all was mine, — his early fate suspend;
He only loved too well his hapless friend:
Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove,
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He prayed in vain; the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;

Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow;
In vain beneath unnumbered wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheeled, his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved —
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,

While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquished millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν, κ. τ. λ.]

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:

Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be winged with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banished wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemned to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame! * no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus

No kindred voice with rapture hails
  Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
  To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
  Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key *
  The milder treasures of his soul, —
May such a friend be far from me,
  And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus † his ample front sublime uprears:

from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

* The original is "Καθαρὰν ἀνοίξαντι κλῆδα φρενῶν;" literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

† No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

[By "Magnus" Byron meant Dr. William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol. He died in 1820.]

Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskilled to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honors, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S * glowing style, or Tully's fire.

* Demosthenes.

A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud:
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean; *
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word —
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie
Unknown, unhonored live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fixed within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;

* [In most colleges, the Fellow who superintends the chapel service is called *Dean.*]

Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's * note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:
Vain as their honors, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 't is Pitt or Petty rules the hour; †
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They 'd fly to seek the next who filled his place.

* The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

[" I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening; for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's; — and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanor; but I have seen him, in a private party of undergraduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw him went. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot: and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication. — *Byron's Letters*, 1818.]

† Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honor of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment. [Lord Henry Petty became in 1809 the Marquess of Lansdowne.]

Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least, we may presume to say —
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart;
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.

As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'t was the spirit moved us."
Though what they uttered I repress,
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
This for myself, at least, I 'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through day:
Awake, with it my fancy teems;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight,
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care:
"May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,

For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover!
May that fair bosom never know
What 't is to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget!"

1806.

THE CORNELIAN.*

No specious splendor of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;

* [The cornelian of these verses was given to Byron by the Cambridge chorister, Eddlestone, whose musical talents first introduced him to the acquaintance of the poet, who entertained for him a sentiment of the most romantic friendship.

On leaving his choir, Eddlestone entered into a mercantile house in the metropolis, and died of a consumption, in 1811. Byron wrote to Mrs. Pigot, of Southwell, on hearing of his death, "You may remember a cornelian, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed gave to her, and now I am about to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well." The cornelian heart was returned accordingly; and, indeed, Miss Pigot reminded Byron that he had left it with her as a deposit, not a gift.]

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With lustre only once it shone,
  And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
  Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize, —
  For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offered it with downcast look,
  As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him when the gift I took,
  My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I viewed,
  And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedewed,
  And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
  Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
  Must quit the garden for the field.

'T is not the plant upreared in sloth,
  Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
  In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
  For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
  If well proportioned to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fixed her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remained to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.*

SINCE the refinement of this polished age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamped disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purest scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;

* ["When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches, in which I shone, I enacted Penruddock, in the 'Wheel of Fortune,' and Tristram Fickle, in the farce of 'The Weathercock,' for three nights, in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood; and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821. This prologue was written by the young poet, between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield he had completed his task, — interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*début*," and, on being answered (not, it would seem, very correctly), exclaiming, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to '*new*.'" — *Moore*.]

Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *début*
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward.
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavors fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resigned his breath:
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

Oh factious viper! whose envenomed tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When Pitt expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumbered in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appeared,
Who for a time the ruined fabric reared:

He, too, is fallen, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
Yet let not cankered Calumny assail,
Or round our statesmen wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honored marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candor's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.*

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo! quater
Felix, in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit." — *Gray.*

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's a Tear.

* [The "illiberal impromptu" appeared in the Morning Post, and Byron's "reply" in the Morning Chronicle.]

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
  To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
  Is dimmed for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
  Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
  And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doomed to sail with the blast of the gale,
  Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
  The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
  In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
  And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
  Renouncing the gore-crimsoned spear,
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,
  From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! * seat of Friendship and Truth,
  Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,

* Harrow.

Loth to leave thee, I mourned, for a last look I turned,
  But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
  My Mary to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
  She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she live ever blest!
  Her name still my heart must revere:
With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
  And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
  This hope to my breast is most near:
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
  May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
  And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
  Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendor of woe
  Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
  All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.

October 26, 1806.

REPLY

TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
  Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a sigh
  Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
  At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
  And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
  They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
  And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
  And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
  That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
  This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
  And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
  And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthrall, I 'd abandon them all,
  Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
  And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
  To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
  Ere quite with her snares you 're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
  Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

Your pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
  Your pardon, a thousand times o'er;
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
  But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
  No more I your folly regret;
She 's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
  Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
  From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seemed so great, I pitied your fate
  As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
  Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once
      have met,"
  My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of love;"
  'T is true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I 've loved a good number,
  Yet there 's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
  To humor a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't affright,
  Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
  To mix in the Platonists' school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
  Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
  Whose image must fill my whole breast —
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her —
  What an insult 't would be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
  Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
  For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA.*

Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
  Who to woman deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
  And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possessed half an atom of sense,
  He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,
  With women alone he had peopled his heaven

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
  Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four! —
  With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
  On husbands 't is hard, to the wives most uncivil;
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
  "Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."

* [Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, to whom several of Byron's earliest letters were addressed.]

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid; †
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

* *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly preëminent in the Northern Highlands near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

† This word is erroneously pronounced *plad:* the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starred,* though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden, †
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar; ‡
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the "*Gordons*," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honor to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

‡ A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a castle of Braemar

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
  Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
  Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
  To one who has roved on the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
  The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!*

* [In the "Island," a poem written a year or two before Byron's death, are these lines: —

> "He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue
> Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
> Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
> And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
> Long have I roamed through lands which are not mine,
> Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
> Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
> Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
> But 't was not all long ages' lore, nor all
> *Their* nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
> The infant rapture still survived the boy,
> And Loch na Garr with Ida looked o'er Troy,
> Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
> And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

"When very young," (he adds in a note,) "about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed, by medical advice, into the Highlands, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."]

TO ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
  Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
  Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
  I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
  But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
  Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
  Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
  And all assume a varied hue;
When virgins seem no longer vain,
  And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
  And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
  A Pylades * in every friend?

* It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

But leave at once thy realms of air
  To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
  And friends have feeling for — themselves?

With shame I own I've felt thy sway
  Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
No more thy precepts I obey,
  No more on fancied pinions soar.
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
  And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
  And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
  Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
  And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
  For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
  To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
  With cypress crowned, arrayed in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
  Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
  To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
  But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
  On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
  With fancied flames and phrensy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
  Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
  From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
  The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view,
  Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
  Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
  Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER

TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

> "But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
> Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
> If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
> May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?"
>
> *New Bath Guide.*

CANDOR compels me, BECHER! * to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend,

* [The Rev. John Becher, prebendary of Southwell, the au-

Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon, — must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart:
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstripped and vanquished in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love:
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labored lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth; —
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be't from me the "virgin's mind" to "taint:"
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.

thor of several philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. In this gentleman the youthful poet found not only an honest and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. To his care the superintendence of the second edition of "Hours of Idleness," during its progress through a country press, was intrusted, and at his suggestion several corrections and omissions were made.]

The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe —
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26, 1806.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds." — *Ossian.*

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-replendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S * pride!

* Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloistered tomb,
  Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile! more honored in thy fall
  Than modern mansions in their pillared state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
  Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
  In grim array the crimson cross * demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
  Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
  Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
  A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
  His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
  Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
  The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stained guilt repenting solace found,
  Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
  Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl,

* The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
  Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
  The humid pall of life-extinguished clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
  Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend
  Soon as the gloaming * spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
  Or matin orisons to Mary † paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
  Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield
  Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY reared the gothic walls,
  And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY ‡ the kind gift recalls,
  And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
  He drives them exiles from their blest abode,

* As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

‡ At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

To roam a dreary world in deep despair —
  No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
  Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
  High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
  The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
  Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress * now,
  Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
  And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
  Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
  Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
  The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquered still, his falchion there he wields,
  And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
  Self-gathered laurels on a self-sought grave;

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
  The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatched him * from th' unequal
  In other fields the torrent to repel; [strife,
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
  To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND † fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
  While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
  Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
  Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commixed with horse,
  Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
  Ransacked, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
  Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hushed is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
  The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;

* Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army. The former was general in chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
  Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
  Retire; the clamor of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
  And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
  What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
  To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
  The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
  And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
  Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his laboring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
  Loathing the offering of so dark a death.*

The legal ruler † now resumes the helm,
  He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;

* This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.

Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
  And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
  Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
  Enjoyed, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
  Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
  And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
  Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
  The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
  What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake;
  Exulting shouts announce the finished race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!
  Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glittered to allure;
  Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
  Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
  Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
  Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
  Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
  Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
  These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
  Cherished affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love, forbid him to forget,
  But warm his bosom with impassioned glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
  Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
  Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.*

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
  Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;

* ["Come what may," wrote Byron to his mother, in March, 1809, "Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot; I have fixed my heart upon it; and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain, in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; I feel like a man of honor, and I will not sell Newstead."]

Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.*

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.†

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;

* [Those who turn from this Elegy to the stanzas on Newstead Abbey, in the thirteenth canto of Don Juan, cannot fail to remark how frequently the thoughts in the two pieces are the same; or to be interested, in comparing the juvenile sketch with the bold touches and mellow coloring of the master's picture.]

† [These verses were composed while Byron was suffering under severe illness and depression of spirits. "I was laid," he says, "on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written, or rather dictated — expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee." In the private volume the poem opened with the following lines: —

"Hence! thou unvarying song of varied loves,
Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
By thousands echoed to the self-same note!
Tired of the dull, unceasing, copious strain,
My soul is panting to be free again.
Farewell! ye nymphs propitious to my verse,
Some other Damon will your charms rehearse;
Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
Or dwell in rapture on your nectared kiss.
Those beauties, grateful to my ardent sight,
No more entrance my senses in delight;
Those bosoms, formed of animated snow,
Alike are tasteless, and unfeeling now.

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;
Not to the aching frame alone confined,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While Hope retires appalled, and clings to life.
Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Calls back the vanished days to rapture given,
When love was bliss, and Beauty formed our heaven;
Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
As when through clouds that pour the summer storm,
The orb of day unveils his distant form,

These to some happier lover I resign —
The memory of those joys alone is mine.
Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
The child of passion and the fool of fame.
Weary of love, of life, devoured with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
World! I renounce thee! all my hope 's o'ercast:
One sigh I give thee, but that sigh 's the last.
Friends, foes, and females, now alike adieu!
Would I could add, remembrance of you too!
Yet though the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
Depicts with glowing pencil all those years,
Ere yet my cup, empoisoned, flowed with tears;
Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
The past confounding with the present day.
"Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought;
It still recurs, unlooked for and unsought:
My soul to Fancy's," etc. etc., as at line 29.]

Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlooked for and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields:
Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.
IDA! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I joined thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;

Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
The social smile of every welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past: —
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast,
To love a stranger, friendship made me blest; —
Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein;
When all we feel, our honest souls disclose —
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
No varnished tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthened years,
Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
When now the boy is ripened into man,
His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
Instructs his son from candor's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Still to assent, and never to deny —
A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
Although against that word his heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;

Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
Once, and but once, she aimed a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warned by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired.
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hushed her young resentment, and forgave;
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
POMPOSUS' * virtues are but known to few:
I never feared the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's failings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'T is past, and thus she will not sin again,
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remembered be the joyous band,
Who hailed me chief,† obedient to command;

* [Dr. Butler, head-master of Harrow school. Had Byron published another edition of these poems, it was his intention, instead of the four lines beginning — "Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew," to insert —

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deemed the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns, —
With noble minds a fault confessed, atones."]

† [On the retirement of Dr. Drury, three candidates presented

Who joined with me in every boyish sport —
Their first adviser, and their last resort;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown;
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school —
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule —
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days;
PROBUS,* the pride of science, and the boast,
To IDA now, alas! for ever lost.

themselves for the vacant chair, Messrs. Drury, Evans, and Butler. On the first movement to which this contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while Byron held himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury faction said to Wildman — "Byron, I know, will not join, because he does not choose to act second to any one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him." This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command. — *Moore.*]

* Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honor to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi!
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.

[Such was Byron's parting eulogy on Dr. Drury. It may be interesting to see by the side of it the Doctor's own account of his pupil, when first committed to his care: — "I took," says the Doctor, "my young disciple into my study, and endeavored

With him, for years, we searched the classic page,
And feared the master, though we loved the sage:
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
From learning's labor is the blest retreat.
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair;
POMPOSUS governs, — but, my muse, forbear: *
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade, —
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crowned,
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round;
There Science, from her favored seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;

to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable; — and on that principle I acted."]

* [To this passage, had Byron published another edition of Hours of Idleness, it was his intention to give the following turn: —

"Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh! may like honors crown his future name:
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."]

In scattered groups each favored haunt pursue;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flushed with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbors shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day: [fought,
"'T was here the gathered swains for vengeance
And here we earned the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renewed the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son —
The one long graved, the other just begun:

These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire:*
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthened line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young, obeyed their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour; —
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away —
"And thus our former rulers stemmed the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength availed;†
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he faltered forth his last farewell;

* [During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.]

† [Byron elsewhere thus describes his usual course of life while at Harrow — "always cricketing, rebelling, *rowing*, and in all manner of mischiefs." One day, in a fit of defiance, he tore down all the gratings from the window of the hall; and when called upon by Dr. Butler to say why he had committed this outrage, coolly answered, "because they darkened the room."]

And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely staid at home;" —
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before —
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu —
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurled,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remembered face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaimed me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
The smiles of beauty — (for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne) —
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewildered in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wanderers pour along,
I saw and joined again the joyous throng;

Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumphed over love.*

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endeared to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee —
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

* [This description of what the young poet felt in 1806, on encountering any of his former schoolfellows, falls far short of the page in which he records an accidental meeting with Lord Clare, on the road between Imola and Bologna in 1821. "This meeting," he says, "annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of Harrow. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare too was much agitated — more in appearance than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them." — We may also quote the following interesting sentences of Madame Guiccioli: — "In 1822 (says she), a few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face, gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend: his emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down."]

Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom linked by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream,
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
I hear — I wake — and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again, — but, ah! no brother's voice.
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.

Alonzo! * best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:

* [The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards. He died of a fever, in his twentieth year, at Coimbra, May 14th, 1811. — "Of all human beings," says Byron, "I was, perhaps,

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
Oft have we drained the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impelled the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
DAVUS,* the harbinger of childish joy;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;

at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield. I had known him the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine."]

* [The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B. A., of Christ Church, Oxford; who died Dec. 8, 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-four.]

Yet with a breast of such materials made —
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path though not untaught to feel.
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aimed against my life: *
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career —
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarmed and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage rolled upon the sand:
An act like this, can simple thanks repay?
Or all the labors of a grateful lay?
Oh no! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS! † on me thy claims are justly great:
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,

* [The "factious strife" was brought on by the breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, at the same hour. The butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of Tattersall. — *Moore.*]

† [John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare. "I never," Byron says, in 1821, "hear the word '*Clare*,' without a beating of the heart even *now;* and I write it with the feelings of 1803–4–5, ad infinitum." In 1822 he said of Clare, "I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world."]

To thee alone, unrivalled, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthened song.*
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
LYCUS! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined!
When time at length matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers!
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honor's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS † pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung:

* [In the private volume, the following lines conclude this character: —

"For ever to possess a friend in thee,
Was bliss unhoped, though not unsought by me.
Thy softer soul was formed for love alone,
To ruder passions and to hate unknown;
Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
Was gentle, but unfit to stem the storm.
That face, an index of celestial worth,
Proclaimed a heart abstracted from the earth.
Oft, when depressed with sad foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favorite tomb,
I've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow
With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
Or when less mournful subjects formed our themes,
We tried a thousand fond romantic schemes,
Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
Whatever wish was mine must be thine own."]

† [George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr: —
"Harrow, October 25, 1804. — I am happy enough and com-

What though one sad dissension bade us part,
That name is yet embalmed within my heart;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:
We once were friends, — I'll think we are so still.*
A form unmatched in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture these be given —
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.

fortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select. Among the principal, I rank Lord Delawarr, who is very amiable, and my particnlar friend." "Nov. 2, 1804. — Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of my forefathers, in Charles the First's time, married into their family." — *Byron's Letters.*]

* ["You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible, without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business,) the cause of my behavior to him during my last residence at Harrow, which you will recollect was rather *en cavalier*. Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have, therefore, made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury."—*Byron's Letter to Lord Clare*, 1807.]

Haply, in polished courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore;—
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON * stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we passed our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquered in the classic strife:
As speakers † each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candor would the palm divide,
Yet candor's self compels me now to own,
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

* [Edward Noel Long, Esq.]

† This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,
When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;
Or when my first harangue received applause,*
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possest,
While hope of dawning honors filled my breast!

* [" I remember that my first declamation astonished Dr. Drury into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." — *Byron's Diary.*]

" [I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as in the earlier part of his delivery did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure; — he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colorings more striking than what his pen had expressed." — Dr. DRURY.]

For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own.*

* [In the private volume the poem concludes thus: —

"When, yet a novice in the mimic art,
I feigned the transports of a vengeful heart —
When as the Royal Slave I trod the stage,
To vent in Zanga more than mortal rage —
The praise of Probus made me feel more proud
Than all the plaudits of the listening crowd.
"Ah! vain endeavor in this childish strain
To soothe the woes of which I thus complain!
What can avail this fruitless loss of time,
To measure sorrow in a jingling rhyme!
No social solace from a friend is near,
And heartless strangers drop no feeling tear.
I seek not joy in woman's sparkling eye:
The smiles of beauty cannot check the sigh.
Adieu, thou world! thy pleasure 's still a dream,
Thy virtue but a visionary theme;
Thy years of vice on years of folly roll,
Till grinning death assigns the destined goal,
Where all are hastening to the dread abode,
To meet the judgment of a righteous God;
Mixed in the concourse of the thoughtless throng,
A mourner midst of mirth, I glide along;
A wretched, isolated, gloomy thing,
Curst by reflection's deep corroding sting;
But not that mental sting which stabs within,
The dark avenger of unpunished sin;
The silent shaft which goads the guilty wretch
Extended on a rack's untiring stretch:
Conscience that sting, that shaft to him supplies —
His mind the rack from which he ne'er can rise.
For me, whate'er my folly, or my fear,
One cheerful comfort still is cherished here:
No dread internal haunts my hours of rest,
No dreams of injured innocence infest;[1]

[1] ["I am not a Joseph," said Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."]

Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give:
The song might perish, but the theme might live.
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honored name requires no vain display:
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!

Of hope, of peace, of almost all bereft,
Conscience, my last but welcome guest is left.
Slander's empoisoned breath may blast my name,
Envy delights to blight the buds of fame;
Deceit may chill the current of my blood,
And freeze affection's warm impassioned flood;
Presaging horror darken every sense; —
Even here will conscience be my best defence.
My bosom feeds no 'worm which ne'er can die:' *
Not crimes I mourn, but happiness gone by.
Thus crawling on with many a reptile vile,
My heart is bitter, though my cheek may smile:
No more with former bliss my heart is glad;
Hope yields to anguish, and my soul is sad:
From fond regret no future joy can save;
Remembrance slumbers only in the grave."]

* ["We know enough even of Lord Byron's private history to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy melancholy."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine

Ida! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear; —
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirled,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venomed tooth;
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fevered dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)

Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each chequered leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sighed a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the morn;
When Friendship bowed before the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion, * smiled on youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT." †

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot —
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero ‡ rolls the tide of war;

* "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb.

† Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," etc.

‡ No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bay-

Yet not unknown his martial worth,
  Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
  Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
  The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
  Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
  That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
  Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
  And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
  Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
  She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
  And Time, untiring, waves his wing;

ard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, etc., are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

Whilst honor's laurels ne'er decay,
  But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
  Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
  Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
  Yet falls at length an useless fane;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
  The wrecks of pillared pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroyed,
  From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoyed
  By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
  Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
  Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
  Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;

It claims my warmest, dearest care,
  Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
  'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee;
From me again 't will ne'er depart,
  But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
  Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
  And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
  E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green
  When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
  In gently waving ringlet curled,
By the dear head on which you grew,
  I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
  The polished brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
  Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806.

REMEMBRANCE.

'T is done! — I saw it in my dreams:
No more with Hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast,
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu! —
Would I could add Remembrance too! —

1806.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind; —
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind:
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna concealed,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess; —
At length, in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
  Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
Could I soar with the phœnix on pinions of flame,
  With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
  What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
  Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
  Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules?
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
  Why search for delight in the friendship of fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
  In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;
  I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth? it may pass in an hour,
  If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown;
To me what is title? — the phantom of power;
  To me what is fashion? — I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
  I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
  Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?

1806.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race of heroes! But their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship, — to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla: — gentle

* It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—

"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his

blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'T is Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 't is mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven: — the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'T is Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm." *

* I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthown every

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES.

[WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1806.]

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
  Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
  Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
  Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat, —
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequered years,
  What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
  Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
  To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,

hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults — particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. — The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favorite author.

Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone —
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decayed;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth!* thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire, —
In mind again a boy.

* Harrow.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
  Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus!* wherefore dost thou weep?
  Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
  But, oh, 't will wake again.
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wished interview, how sweet!
  From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,
  Did I my error mourn?
No — from oppressive bonds relieved,
  I left the wretch to scorn.
I turned to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
  Twined with my heart's according strings;
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
  Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
  My memory and my hope;

* The Earl of Clare.

Your worth a lasting love insures,
  Unfettered in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honeyed tongue,
  Let Adulation wait on kings;
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
  Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward —
  To me no bays belong;
If laurelled Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
  Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.*

[WRITTEN DECEMBER 29, 1806.]

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
  Hear'st thou the accents of despair?

* [It is difficult to conjecture for what reason these stanzas, which surpass any thing that Byron had yet written, were not included in the publication of 1807. Written when the author was not nineteen years of age, "this remarkable poem shows," says Moore, "how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind."]

Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
  Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
  Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
  Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
  Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
  Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
  Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
  With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
  To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
  Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
  Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
  Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
  Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
  Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
  Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
  Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,
  Whose years float on in daily crime —
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
  And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek, —
  Thy laws in Nature's works appear; —
I own myself corrupt and weak,
  Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
  Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
  Whose hand from pole to pole I trace: —

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
  Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
  Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
  Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
  In thy protection I confide.

If when this dust to dust's restored,
  My soul shall float on airy wing,

How shall thy glorious name adored
  Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
  With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
  Though doomed no more to quit the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
  Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
  This erring life may fly at last.

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.*

"Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico." — Hor.

Dear Long, in this sequestered scene,
  While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
  Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;

* [This gentleman, who was with Byron both at Harrow and Cambridge, entered the Guards, and served in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula; the transport in which he sailed being run down in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," says Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised — but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted." *Diary*, 1821.]

Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darkened noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
  And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
  And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
  In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
  Our raptured visions as before,
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion —
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

  Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,

Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn
  To soothe its wonted heedless flow;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
  But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutored, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
  To you my soul is still the same.
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
  And all my former joys are tame.
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
  Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:
By every bliss my childhood knew,
  I'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus when the whirlwind's rage is past,
  And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
  When lulled by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
  Attuned to love her languid lyre;
But now, without a theme to choose,
  The strains in stolen sighs expire.

My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
  E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
  And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which rolled on me,
  Can now no more my love recall:
In truth, dear LONG, 't was time to flee;
  For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian do n't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer!*
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
  The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
  Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
  As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
  Extinguished with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?

Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
  Has thrice performed her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
  And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
Which once contained our youth's retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY.*

Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
  As once this pledge appeared a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
  For then my peace had not been broken.†

* [Mrs. Musters.]

† [" Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers — it would have joined lands broad and rich — it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and — and — and — *what* has been the result? "] — *Diary*, 1821.

To thee these early faults I owe,
  To thee, the wise and old reproving:
They know my sins, but do not know
  'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
  And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
  Bestowed by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
  And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
  For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
  My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
  Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
  'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
  But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
  This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
  These thoughtless strains to passion's measures —

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed: —
  This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,
  But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
  For Nature seemed to smile before thee; *
And once my breast abhorred deceit, —
  For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys:
  To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
  I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal
  In spite of every vain endeavor, —
And fiends might pity what I feel, —
  To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
  Still dwelling in my Highland cave,

* [" Our meetings," says Byron in 1822, " were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardor was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different."]

Or roaming through the dusky wild,
  Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon * pride
  Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
  And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
  Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
  I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me among the rocks I love,
  Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this — again to rove
  Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
  The world was ne'er designed for me:
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
  The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
  A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth! — wherefore did thy hated beam
  Awake me to a world like this?

I loved — but those I loved are gone,
  Had friends — my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone
  When all its former hopes are dead!

* Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
  Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
  The heart — the heart — is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
  Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
  Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
  In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
  Where boisterous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
  My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
  When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
  This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
  Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men —
  I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
  Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given
  Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
  To flee away, and be at rest.*

* "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow! *
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below,†

Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, ‡ 't was centred in you?

would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

* Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, etc., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

‡ [In Byron's Diary for 1813, he says, "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day; 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name, —
  What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
  As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-covered wild:
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
  I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed;
  And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with
    you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
  From mountain to mountain I bounded along;

Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Cockburn.' [Robert Cockburn, Esq. of Edinburgh.] And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions — to the horror of my mother and the astonishment of everybody. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old), which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it." — Again, in January, 1815, a few days after his marriage, in a letter to his friend Captain Hay, the poet thus speaks of his childish attachment: — "Pray tell me more — or as much as you like, of your cousin Mary. I believe I told you our story some years ago. I was twenty-seven a few days ago, and I have never seen her since we were children, and young children too; but I never forget her, nor ever can. You will oblige me with presenting her with my best respects, and all good wishes. It may seem ridiculous — but it is at any rate, I hope, not offensive to her nor hers — in me to pretend to recollect any thing about her, at so early a period of both our lives, almost, if not quite, in our nurseries; — but it was a pleasant dream, which she must pardon me for remembering. Is she pretty still? I have the most perfect idea of her person, as a child; but Time, I suppose, has played the devil with us both."]

I breasted the billows of Dee's * rushing tide,
  And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
  No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
  For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
  The mountains are vanished, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
  And delight but in days I have witnessed before:
Ah! splendor has raised, but embittered my lot;
  More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;
  Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
  I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen; †
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
  I think of those eyes that endeared the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
  That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
  The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

* The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

† Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow:

But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? — ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head, —
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherished for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
The attachment of years in a moment expires:
Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wandered through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
  The wonted delights of our childhood retrace:
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
  And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you —
  The few whom I love I can never upbraid —
The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
  Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chilled is affection,
  With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection,
  That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
  If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unaltered by years or by distance,
  Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew, — but away with the vain retrospection!
  The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
  And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part, — I will hope not for ever;
  For time and regret will restore you at last:
To forget our dissension we both should endeavor,
  I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

"Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago." VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which winged those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you:
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoyed no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet — ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together joined in vain;

How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
  Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
  Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear
Till death's unfathomed gulf appear,
  And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
  Now flow in different channels:
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'T is yours to mix in polished courts,
  And shine in fashion's annals;

'T is mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
  Without the aid of reason;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
  Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteemed it monstrous hard
  That he, who sang before all, —
He who the lore of love expanded, —
By dire reviewers should be branded
  As void of wit and moral.*

* These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favorite of the Nine!
  Repine not at thy lot.
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When Persecution's arm is dead,
  And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
  Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next,
By criticism to be vext,
  I really will not fight them.*

Perhaps they would do quite as well
To break the rudely sounding shell
  Of such a young beginner.
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
  A very hardened sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
And, sure, apologies are due:
  Accept, then, my concession.

severe critique, in a northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon. — [See Edinburgh Review, July, 1807, article on "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems, by Thomas Little, Esq."]

* A bard [Moore] (horresco referens) defied his reviewer [Jeffrey] to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right;
  My muse admires digression.

I think I said 't would be your fate
To add one star to royal state; —
  May regal smiles attend you!
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
  If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
  From snares may saints preserve you;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
  But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring way!
  May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
  Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
  And virtues crown your brow;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me, —
  Be still as you are now.*

* [" Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been the least

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
  To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd wave at once a *poet's* fame,
  To prove a *prophet* here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.*

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;

altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

* [On losing his natural daughter, Allegra, in April, 1822, Byron sent her remains to be buried at Harrow, "where," he says, in a letter to Mr. Murray, "I once hoped to have laid my own." "There is," he adds, "a spot in the *churchyard*, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favorite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the *church*;" — and it was so accordingly.]

With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"
When fate shall chill, at length, this fevered breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour, —
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power, —
To know some humble grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks, 't were sweet to die —
And here it lingered, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,
Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremembered by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

ARTICLE FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, FOR JANUARY, 1808.

Hours of Idleness; A Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo, pp. 200. *Newark*, 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favorite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point; and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can

write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors — sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and, while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet, — nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers, — is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candor, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it: —

> "Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
> From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
> Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
> New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied,
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "*On a Tear*," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following: —

"Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"The man doomed to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, "Adrian's Address to his Soul," when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne

Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favorites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79 * a translation, where *two* words (*θέλω λέγειν*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81,† where *μεσονυκτίαις ποθ' ὥραις* is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticizing some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 't is Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was," etc. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favor, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard," — ("The artless Helicon I boast is youth") — should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas

* See p. 23. † See p. 24.

on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas: —

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doomed to wrangle:

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the lettered sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas: —

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and

be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.*

* [The *Monthly Reviewers*, in those days the next in circulation to the Edinburgh, gave a much more favorable notice of the "Hours of Idleness." "These compositions (said they) are generally of a plaintive or an amatory cast, with an occasional mixture of satire; and they display both ease and strength — both pathos and fire. It will be expected that marks of juvenility and of haste should be discovered in these productions; and we seriously advise our young bard to fulfil with submissive perseverance the duties of revision and correction. We discern, in Lord Byron, a degree of mental power, and a turn of mental disposition, which render us solicitous that both should be well cultivated and wisely directed, in his career of life. He has received talents, and is accountable for the use of them. We trust that he will render them beneficial to man, and a source of real gratification to himself in declining age. Then may he properly exclaim with the Roman orator, 'Non lubet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem.'" — Byron repaid the Edinburgh Critique with a Satire — and became himself *a Monthly Reviewer*.]

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

[FROM 1807 TO 1824.]

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

Adieu, thou Hill! * where early joy
  Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
  With knowledge to endow.
Adieu my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
  No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
  Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
  Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
  And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,

* Harrow.

On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell —
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall *
Forgets its wonted simple note —
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,

* See *ante*, p. 15, 120.

Adieu! you are not now forgot,
  To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! * along whose rippling surge,
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
  At noontide heat their pliant course;
Plunging with ardor from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
  Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
  Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
  The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary,† all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
  To me in smiles displayed:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
  Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend! ‡ whose gentle love
  Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
  Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
  Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot

* [The river Grete, at Southwell.]
† Mary Duff. See *ante*, p. 176, note.
‡ Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister. See *ante*, p. 101.

In that dear moment quite forgot;
  Let Pride alone comdemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
  No smile of Love's deceit,
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
  Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame,
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
  Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race, —
To humble in the dust my face,
  And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
  On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
  Consumed in Glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmarked my birth,
  My life a short and vulgar dream;
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
  My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
  Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
  Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,

By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807.

TO A VAIN LADY.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
  What ne'er was meant for other ears:
Why thus destroy thine own repose,
  And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
  While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
  Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy lingering woes are nigh,
  If thou believ'st what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
  Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
  The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
  If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
  Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
Canst thou not mark the rising sneers
  Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
  Nor make thyself the public gaze:
What modest maid without a blush
  Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
  Her who relates each fond conceit —
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes
  Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
  These amorous nothings in revealing,
Must credit all we say or write,
  While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
  No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
  I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15, 1807.

TO ANNE.

Oh, Anne! your offences to me have been grievous;
  I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you;
But woman is made to command and deceive us —
  I looked in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vowed I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
  Yet thought that a day's separation was long:
When we met, I determined again to suspect you —
  Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
  With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:

I saw you — my anger became admiration;
And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you; —
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!

January 16, 1807.

TO THE SAME.

Oh say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
The heart which adores you should wish to dissever;
Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed, —
To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;
By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,
The rage of the tempest united must weather,
My love and my life were by nature designed
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed,
Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,
His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING,

"'SAD IS MY VERSE,' YOU SAY, 'AND YET NO TEAR.'"

THY verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless, for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read — but never after:
Yet their effect 's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain —
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you 'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807.

ON FINDING A FAN.

IN one who felt as once he felt,
This might, perhaps, have fanned the flame;
But now his heart no more will melt,
Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
  The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
  Now quenches all their blaze in night,

Thus has it been with passion's fires —
  As many a boy and girl remembers —
While every hope of love expires,
  Extinguished with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
  Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er revive;
  No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
  Not always doomed its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
  Its former warmth around another.

1807.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
  Young offspring of Fancy, 't is time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
  The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
  Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;

The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
  Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
  Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
  My visions are flown, to return, — alas, never!

When drained is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
  How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
  What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
  Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
  Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
  Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
  When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
  And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
  For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouched, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —
  'T is hushed; and my feeble endeavors are o'er;

And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet —
The present — which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807.

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.*

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;

* [Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed; — hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, "Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place." — "I hope not, sir," replied the man; "for it 's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." The tree, of course, was spared, and is shown to strangers as the Byron Oak.]

That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert — even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share —
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tower aloft from the weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,

On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
  Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
  O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
  The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
  He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
  Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
  Perhaps he has poured forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
  Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807.

ON REVISITING HARROW.*

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
  Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
  Resentment's hand the line defaced.

* Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

Deeply she cut — but not erased,
  The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once returned, and gazed, —
  Till Memory hailed the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
  Forgiveness joined her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seemed once more,
  That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been;
  But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavor,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rushed between,
  And blotted out the line for ever!

September, 1807.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, — so he 's now *carri-on.*

September, 1807.

TO MY SON.*

Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name —
Ah, William, were thine own the same, —
No self-reproach — but, let me cease —
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy, —
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no — though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,

* [Moore in his Life of Byron questions the existence of this son, whom he considers merely a convenient fiction of the poet. But from a passage in Don Juan (canto XVI. stanza 61), there is reason to believe that Moore was mistaken.]

Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 't will be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,

Awake the pangs that pass not by,
  The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
  Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain —
  I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
  No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
  In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
  As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
  When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
  May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
  In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
  May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
  For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
  In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
  To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
  Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
  Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
  Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
  And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
  And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
  A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
  Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
  Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
  Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
  In silence I grieve,

That thy heart could forget,
  Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
  After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
  With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have passed since thou and I
  Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
  Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou knowest
  What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
  Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
  So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
  Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
  To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
  Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
  So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide,
  Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
  Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
  Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
  Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
  That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
  Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
  And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
  When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
  And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
  We learn at length our faults to blend;
And those, and those alone, may claim
  The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
  Can we then 'scape from folly free?

Can we reverse the general plan,
  Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
  Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
  I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
  Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
  But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
  Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherished first in royal halls,
  The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
  One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
  To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
  Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
  That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
  Which seems, as marshy vapors move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
  An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
  Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
  For friendship every fool may share!

In time forbear; amidst the throng
  No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
  Be something, any thing, but — mean.*

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.

Start not — nor deem my spirit fled:
  In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
  Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed, like thee;
  I died: let earth my bones resign:
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
  The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

* [This copy of verses, and several of the poems which follow it, originally appeared in a volume published in 1809 by Mr. Hobhouse, under the title of "Imitations and Translations, together with Original Poems," and bearing the modest epigraph — "Nos hæc novimus esse nihil."]

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
  Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
  The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
  In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
  What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
  When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
  And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
  Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
  This chance is theirs, to be of use.*

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

* [Byron gives the following account of this cup:—"The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the Abbey, about the time it was demonasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled color like tortoise-shell."]

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.*

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
  That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
  Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband 's blest — and 't will impart
  Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
  Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favorite child,
  I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
  I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it, — and repressed my sighs,
  Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
  And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
  While thou art blest I 'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
  My heart would soon again be thine.

* [A few days before this poem was written, the poet had been invited to dine at Annesley. On the infant daughter of his fair hostess being brought into the room, he started involuntarily, and with difficulty suppressed his emotion.]

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
  Had quenched at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
  My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
  My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime —
  We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
  Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
  The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
  Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
  My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.*

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,

* [This monument is still a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead. The following is the inscription by which the verses are preceded: —

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

Byron thus announced the death of his favorite to Mr. Hodgson: — "Boatswain is dead! — he expired in a state of madness, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray." By the will which he executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden near his faithful dog.]

Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, — and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808.

TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

When Man, expelled from Eden's bowers,
A moment lingered near the gate,
Each scene recalled the vanished hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
  He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
  And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! * will it be with me,
  And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
  I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
  Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
  Without the wish of dwelling there.†

December 2, 1808.

* [In the first copy, "Thus, Mary!" — (Mrs. Musters).]

† [Originally this line stood, — "Without a wish to enter there." The following is an extract from a letter of Byron's, written in 1823, only three days previous to his leaving Italy for Greece: — "Miss Chaworth was two years older than myself. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family, but her marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable; but there was not sympathy between their characters. I had not seen her for many years, when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it. 'For,' said she, 'if you go you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene; one step will lead to another, *et cela fera un éclat.*' I was guided by those reasons, and shortly after married, — with what success it is useless to say."]

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanished hours
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget — canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproached yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darkened gloss
Seemed stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smoothed on snow.

I dreamt last night our love returned,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
Than if for other hearts I burned,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

There was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confessed a love which equalled mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this —
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
  When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
  Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
  Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 't is doubly sweet to find
  Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! tis a glorious thought to me,
  Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
  Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
  Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
  I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
  My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
  Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
  Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;

And for awhile my sorrows cease,
  To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear —
  It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
  To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
  With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
  A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
  Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
  I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink! — who would not? — since, through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling eye;

I have loved! — who has not? — but what heart can
declare,
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its
spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! — who has not? — but what tongue
will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam — thou never
canst change:
Thou grow'st old — who does not? — but on earth
what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! — who's not? — thou hast no such
alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find — do we not? — in the flow of the
soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,

Hope was left, — was she not? — but the goblet we
kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die — who shall not? — May our sins be
forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY,* ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'T is done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the freshening blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen —
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest —
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'T is long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;

[* Mrs. Musters.]

And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place.
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go — but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;

Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we 've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe —
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I 've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.*

1809.

* [Thus corrected by himself; the two last lines being originally —

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,
  Our embargo 's off at last;
Favorable breezes blowing
  Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal 's streaming,
  Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
  Tell us that our time 's expired.
      Here 's a rascal
      Come to task all,
  Prying from the custom-house;
      Trunks unpacking,
      Cases cracking,
  Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
  And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
  We're impatient — push from shore.
"Have a care! that case holds liquor —
  Stop the boat — I 'm sick — oh Lord!"
"Sick, ma'am, damme, you 'll be sicker,
  Ere you 've been an hour on board."

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one."]

Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax. —
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we 've reached her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
"Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 't is hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —
Who the deuce can harbor there?"
"Who, sir? plenty —
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill." —
"Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I 'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob!* where are you?
Stretched along the deck like logs —
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here 's a rope's end for the dogs.

* [Byron's three servants.]

Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth — and damns our souls.
"Here 's a stanza
On Braganza —
Help!" — "A couplet?" — "No, a cup
Of warm water —"
"What 's the matter?"
"Zounds! my liver 's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we 're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on — as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we 're quaffing,
Let 's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more? —
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet? *

Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.

* [In the letter in which these verses were inclosed, Byron

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
  Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
  May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
  Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
  And think my heart is buried here.

September, 14, 1809.

TO FLORENCE.*

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
  The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
  To quit another spot on earth:

says: — "I leave England without regret — I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab; and thus ends my first chapter."]

* [These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophizes in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Zitza and in Childe Harold, is thus mentioned in a letter to his mother: — "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago.

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
  Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
  I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albion's craggy shore,
  Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
  Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
  Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
  I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
  All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
  And, oh! forgive the word — to love.

She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."]

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
  With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
  Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
  Thou lovely wanderer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
  The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
  Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
  And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
  Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
  The Turkish tyrants now inclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
  That glorious city still shall be;
On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
  As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
  When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art, I may not dwell,
  'T will soothe to be where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM.*

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
  Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
  The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
  And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
  Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
  When lightning broke the gloom —

* [This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania. Mr. Hobhouse, who had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as "roaring without intermission, the echoes of one peal not ceasing to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills appeared in a perpetual blaze." "The tempest," he says, "was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove. My Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut till three in the morning. I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, and that, after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had stopped at last near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunderstorm in the plain of Zitza."]

How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
  'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
  I hear a voice exclaim —
My way-worn countryman, who calls
  On distant England's name.

A shot is fired — by foe or friend?
  Another — 't is to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
  And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
  To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
  Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
  To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
  That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
  More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
  To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken path,
  O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
  Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
  Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
  Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
  When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
  Impelled thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
  Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
  Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
  In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
  Which mirth and music sped; *

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
  If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
  Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
  Endeared by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
  To me a single sigh.

* ["This and the two following stanzas have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting." — *Moore.*]

And when the admiring circle mark
  The paleness of thy face,
A half-formed tear, a transient spark
  Of melancholy grace,

Again thou 'lt smile, and blushing shun
  Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
  Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
  When severed hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
  And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
  Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
  The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
  The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
  His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14, 1809.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS.*

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

* On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic — by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but, having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavored to ascertain its practicability.

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
  He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current poured,
  Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
  Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
  And think I 've done a feat to-day.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
  According to the doubtful story,
To woo, — and — Lord knows what beside,
  And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'T were hard to say who fared the best:
  Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labor, I my jest:
  For he was drowned, and I 've the ague.*

May 9, 1810.

* [" My companion," says Mr. Hobhouse, "had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing."]

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens,* ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest;
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.†

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;

* "Theresa, the Maid of Athens, and her sisters Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. The two eldest have black, or dark, hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general." — *Williams' Travels in Greece.*

† Romaic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

By those lids whose jetty fringe,
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers * that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,†
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

* In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc., convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury — an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares — what nothing else can.

† Constantinople.

TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunched from Grecian docks,
Had never passed the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damned business for my Miss Medea, etc. etc.*

June, 1810.

MY EPITAPH.

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three — and *blew* it *out*.†

October, 1810.

* "[I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the Nurse's dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit." *Byron to Henry Drury, June* 17, 1810.]

† ["I have just escaped from a physician and a fever. In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanian, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days brought me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph."] — *Byron to Mr. Hodgson, October* 3, 1810.

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here Harold lies — but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN: —

FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING: —

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG.

"Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων." *

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!

* The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original.

And the seven-hilled * city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we 're free.
Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood
Sons of Greeks, etc.†

* Constantinople. "Ἑπτάλοφος."

† [Riga was a Thessalian, and passed the first part of his youth among his native mountains, in teaching ancient Greek to his countrymen. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, he and some other enthusiasts perambulated Greece, rousing the bold, and encouraging the timid by their minstrelsy. He afterwards went to Vienna to solicit aid for a rising, but was given up by the Austrian government to the Turks, who vainly endeavored by torture to force from him the names of the other conspirators.]

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

"Μπαίνω μέσ' 'ς τὸ περιβόλι
Ὡραιότατη Χαϊδή," etc.*

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
  Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
  For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
  Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
  Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
  Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
  Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
  When Love has abandoned the bowers;
Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful,
  That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when poured from the chalice,
  Will deeply embitter the bowl;

* The song from which this is taken is a great favorite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόροι," in the winter of 1810–11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
  The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
  My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
  Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
  Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
  Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
  By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
  For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
  Beloved but false Haidée!
There Flora all withered reposes,
  And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

Dear object of defeated care!
  Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
  Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
  But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
  My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.

ON PARTING.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
  Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
  Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
  An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams,
  Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
  In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
  Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
  My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
  Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.*

STRANGER! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all:*
You 'll find his relics in a *stall.*
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly — where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole.*
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character — he did not lack it;
And if he did, 't were shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16, 1811.

* [He died in 1810, and his works have followed him.]

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!
Adieu, thou palace rarely entered!
Adieu, ye mansions where — I've ventured!
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!
Adieu, ye packets — without letters!
Adieu, ye fools — who ape your betters!
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen!
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,
Adieu his Excellency's dancers!
Adieu to Peter — whom no fault's in,
But could not teach a colonel waltzing;
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!
Adieu red coats, and redder faces!
Adieu the supercilious air
Of all that strut "en militaire!"
I go — but God knows when, or why,
To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
To things (the honest truth to say)
As bad — but in a different way. —

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
Triumphant sons of truest blue!

While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
Proclaim you war and women's winners.
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme — because 't is "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her —
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line — or two — were no hard matter,
As here, indeed, I need not flatter:
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine,
With lively air and open heart,
And fashion's ease, without its art;
Her hours can gaily glide along,
Nor ask the aid of idle song. —

And now, O Malta! since thou 'st got us,
Thou little military hothouse!
I 'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask, for what is such a place meant?
Then, in my solitary nook,
Return to scribbling or a book,
Or take my physic while I'm able
(Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),

Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
And bless the gods — I've got a fever!

May 26th, 1811.

TO DIVES.

A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
Wrath's viol on thy lofty head hath burst.
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
How wond'rous bright thy blooming morn arose!
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed thirst
Of Crime un-named, and thy sad noon must close
In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

GOOD plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle —
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little.*

September 14, 1811.*

* [The farce was called "M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking."]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,*

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care" — such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought — but let them pass —
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak — speak of any thing but love.

'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.

* [Francis Hodgson.]

But mine has suffered more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride, —
Have seen her seated by his side, —
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child; —
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Returned the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave; —
Have kissed, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And showed, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.*

But let this pass — I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain, —
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes,
Suit with the sablest of the times,

* [These lines will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, the poet reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors, present and to come. — MOORE.]

Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
One ranked in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know* — and *knowing* pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.*

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"

* [The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. — MOORE.]

Had taught my bosom how to brook,
  With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
  Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
  Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
  Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
  When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more
  'T was thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
  Had flowed as fast — as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
  In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere called but for a time away,
  Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
  The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thought of hearts allied,
  The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined
  That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
  Even passion blushed to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
  When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
  But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
  But where is thine? — Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
  But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
  The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
  I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
  Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
  To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
  To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
  It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11, 1811.*

* [Moore considers "Thyrza" a mere creature of the poet's brain. "It was," he says, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing, the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were written; — nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which

AWAY, AWAY! YE NOTES OF WOE!

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
  Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence — for, oh!
  I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days —
  But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
  On what I am — on what I was.

those beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs; — a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling." It is a pity to disturb a sentiment thus beautifully expressed: but Byron, in a letter to Mr. Dallas, bearing the exact date of these lines, namely, Oct. 11, 1811, writes as follows: — "I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times: but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors,' till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the earth." In his reply to this letter, Mr. Dallas says, — "I thank you for your *confidential* communication. How truly do I wish that that being had lived, and lived yours! What your obligations to her would have been in that case is inconceivable." Several years after the series of poems on Thyrza were written, Byron, on being asked to whom they referred, by a person in whose tenderness he never ceased to confide, refused to answer, with marks of agitation, such as rendered recurrence to the subject impossible. The five following pieces are all devoted to Thyrza.]

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
  Is hushed, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
  A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
  Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
  Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all! — but on my ear
  The well remembered echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
  A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake;
  Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
  To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
  Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
  Then turned from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
  Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanished ray
  That scattered gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.*

* ["I wrote this a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days." —*Byron's Letters*, Dec. 8, 1811.]

ONE STRUGGLE MORE AND I AM FREE.

One struggle more, and I am free
  From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
  Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
  With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
  What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
  Man was not formed to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
  That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
  It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
  Thou 'rt nothing, — all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
  The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
  Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
  Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
  The heart — the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
  It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deemed the heavenly light
  Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
  When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
  Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
  And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
  "That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
  A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
  My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
  When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
  How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
  Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
  It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
  Though painful, welcome to my breast!

Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
  Or break the heart to which thou 'rt pressed!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
  More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
  To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
  The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
  Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
  To weep, or wish the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,
  To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
  With no officious mourners near;
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
  Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
  Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
  In her who lives and him who dies.

'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
  Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
  E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
  Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
  Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
  Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
  And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
  Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
  Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
  Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
  'T is something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

And thou art dead, as young and fair
  As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
  Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
  In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
  Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
  So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
  Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
  Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away;
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:

Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
  Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
  Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
  The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
  Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
  The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
  I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
  Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
  That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
  One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet passed unquaffed,
  It is not drained to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
  That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
  From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
  That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,
  Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
  To honor thine abandoned Urn?
No, no — it is my sorrow's pride
  That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
  'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
  Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
  Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
  A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
  For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own.*

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.*

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay,

* [This impromptu owed its birth to an *on dit*, that the Princess Charlotte of Wales burst into tears on hearing that the Whigs had found it impossible to form a cabinet, at the period of Perceval's death. They were appended to the first edition of the "Corsair," and excited a sensation marvellously disproportionate to their length, — or, we may add, their merit. The ministerial prints raved for two months on end, in the most foul-mouthed vituperation of the poet, — the Morning Post even announced a motion in the House of Lords — "and all this" Byron writes to Moore, "as Bedreddin in the Arabian Nights remarks, for making a cream tart with pepper: how odd, that eight lines should have given birth, I really think, to eight thousand!"]

Ah! happy if each tear of thine
  Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep — for thy tears are Virtue's tears —
  Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
  Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
  The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
  And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell
  Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well, —
  Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
  But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet — till thou could'st think
  In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
  The chain which shivered in his grasp,

Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
  Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
  The chain is broke, the music mute.
'T is past — to them and thee adieu —
  False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
  My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
  In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come,
  By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb*
  Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

* ["When Rogers does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house — his drawing-room — his library — you of your self say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor." — *Byron's Diary*, 1813.]

How fondly will she then repay
  Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
  Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1812.*

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)

* [The theatre in Drury Lane, which was opened in 1747, with Dr. Johnson's masterly address, and witnessed the last glories of Garrick, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in 1794. The new building perished by fire in 1811; and the Managers, in their anxiety that the opening of the present edifice should be distinguished by some composition of at least equal merit, advertised in the newspapers for a general competition. Scores of addresses, not one tolerable, showered on their desk, and they were in sad despair, when Lord Holland interfered, and not without difficulty, prevailed on Byron to write these verses — "at the risk," as he said, "of offending a hundred scribblers and a discerning public." The admirable *jeu d'esprit* of the Messrs. Smith will long preserve the memory of the "Rejected Addresses."]

Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,*
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favor which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you*?

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been:*
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How Well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.

* [" By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection of the Thames." *Byron to Lord Holland.*]

On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odors o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims — nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley * ceased to write.
Heirs to their labors, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*:
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names emblazoned on our line,

* [Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," etc., — "By the by one of my corrections in the copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom —

'When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.'

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first. Second thoughts in every thing are best; but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as fast as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other." — *Byron to Lord Holland.*]

Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute! *
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

* [The following lines were omitted by the Committee —

"Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
The past reproach let present scenes refute,
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

"Is Whitbread," said Byron, "determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines? I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds — 'a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.'"]

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obeyed,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please — long, long may *you* preside!

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS.*

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

Half stolen, with acknowledgements, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation — thus " ——— "

" When energizing objects men pursue,"
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
" A modest monologue you here survey,"
Hissed from the theatre the " other day,"

* [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, entitled " A Monologue," of which the above is a parody. It began: —

" When energizing objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day, etc."]

As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous" verse,
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.
"Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,"
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
"Nor even here your smiles would be represt,"
Knew you these lines — the badness of the best.
"Flame! fire! and flame!!" (words borrowed from Lucretius,)
"Dread metaphors which open wounds" like issues!
"And sleeping pangs awake — and — but away"
(Confound me if I know what next to say).
"Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby sings! —
"If mighty things with small we may compare,"
(Translated from the grammar for the fair!)
Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,"
And burned poor Moscow like a tub of "tar."
"This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.
"Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
And George and I will dramatize it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our isle hath shone"
(This deep discovery is mine alone).
"Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire"
My verse — or I 'm a fool — and Fame 's a liar,
"Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore"
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
(You all know what I mean, unless you 're stupid):
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept in petto,
Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
"While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
"Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
"Thus lifted gloriously, you 'll soar along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
(For this last line George had a holiday).
"Old Drury never, never soared so high,"
So says the manager, and so says I.
"But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"
Is this the poem which the public lost?
"True — true — that lowers at once our mounting pride;"
But lo! — the papers print what you deride.
"'T is ours to look on you — you hold the prize,"
'T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!
"A double blessing your rewards impart" —
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
"Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
Why son and I both beg for your applause.
"When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.*

When Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought," †
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too by innocence;
Did modern swains, possessed of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whitened wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

Remember thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream!
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee:

* [In Warwickshire.]
† [See Cymon and Iphigenia.]

By neither shalt thou be forgot,
  Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me! *

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
  The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
  But drag or drive us on to die —

Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed
  Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
  For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
  The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
  All that I loved, to peace or heaven;

To them be joy or rest, on me
  Thy future ills shall press in vain;

* [On the cessation of a temporary *liaison* formed by Lord Byron during his London career, the fair one called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home; but finding *Vathek* on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words "Remember me!" Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas.—*Medwin.*]

I nothing owe but years to thee,
  A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
  It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
  Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
  Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
  But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
  My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
  To prove thee — not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
  A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
  Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
  The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
  Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:

And I can smile to think how weak
  Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
  Must fall upon — a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;

Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my maddening brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults — while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
  To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
  Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st — too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
  And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
  Whose love is as sincere as sweet, —
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
  Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
  We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
  But truest, tenderest passion warmed?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
  As if a dream alone had charmed?

Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

The "Origin of Love!" — Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live — until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

Remember him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blessed:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repressed.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
  But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
  To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
  Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
  And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
  Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
  Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
  Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
  And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
  From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
  Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
  Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
  Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
  Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign — such scenes forego,
  Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
  Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath passed, may guess
  What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
  Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
  For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
  The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
  And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
  Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
  As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.*

When Thurlow this damned nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent)
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

And since not even our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise —
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

* * * * *

* * * * *

To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I 'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

*[One evening, in 1813, Byron and Moore were ridiculing a volume of poetry which they chanced to take up at the house of Rogers. While their host was palliating faults and pointing out beauties, their mirth received a fresh impulse by the discovery of a piece, in which the author had loudly sung the praises of Rogers himself. "The opening line of the poem," says Moore, "was 'When Rogers o'er this labor bent;' and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud; — but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it, till even Mr. Rogers himself found it impossible not to join us. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following: 'My dear Moore,' "When Rogers" must not see the inclosed, which I send for your perusal.' "]

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining —
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."
Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"
Thou "lay thy branch of *laurel* down!"
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy withered bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou — none.

"*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*"
A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

"*Let every other bring his own.*"
When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

* * * * * *

But now to my letter — to *yours* 't is an answer —
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dressed for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!

I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heath-
cote,
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.*

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.†

September, 1813.

* [The reader who wishes to understand the full force of this scandalous insinuation is referred to Muretus's notes on a celebrated poem of Catullus, entitled *In Cæsarem;* but consisting, in fact, of savagely scornful abuse of the favorite *Mamurra:* —

"Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati,
Nisi impudicus et vorax et helluo?
Mamurram habere quod comata Gallia
Habebat unctum, et ultima Britannia?" etc. —]

† [These verses are said to have dropped from the poet's pen, to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety. — *Sir Walter Scott.*]

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought —
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colors blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.*

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush

* [" Read some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise — and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions." — *Byron's Diary*, 1813.]

Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU ME CHAMAS."

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life.* — Oh! change the word —
  Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
  For, like the soul, my love can never die.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE;

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY.*

THE Devil returned to hell by two,
  And he staid at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût,*
  And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —
And bethought himself what next to do,
  "And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walked in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
  And I'll see how my favorites thrive.

* ["I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'" *Byron's Diary,* 1813. — "Of this strange, wild poem," says Moore, "the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigor and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson."] The "Devil's Walk" is principally Southey's. See Southey's Poems, vol. iii. 75.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then —
  "If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
  And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnished again and again,
  And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poached away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
  A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
  By driving my favorite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of their race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance."
  Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
  He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hovered a moment upon his way
  To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
  That he perched on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,

Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blushed like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed he:
"Methinks they have here little need of *me!*"

* * * * * * *

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying —
As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she looked to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seemed to ask if a God were there!
And, stretched by the wall of a ruined hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done
And the fall of the vainly flying!

* * * * * * *

But the Devil has reached our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day:
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,
Who bid pretty well — but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
  Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol he cocked his tail,
  And seized him by the throat:
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?
'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

So he sat him on his box again,
  And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
  His brothel, and his beer;
"Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
  I would rather see him here."

* * * * * *

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
  And he turned to "the room" of the Commons;
But he heard as he purposed to enter in there,
  That "the Lords" had received a summons;
And he thought, as a "*quondam* aristocrat,"
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them
    were flat;
And he walked up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
  The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk — a man of some size —
  And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;

And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
  Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
  In spite of his prayers and his prophecies ;
And he heard — which set Satan himself a staring —
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing.*
And the Devil was shocked — and quoth he, "I
  must go,
For I find we have much better manners below :
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

WINDSOR POETICS.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT BEING SEEN STANDING BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF HENRY VIII. AND CHARLES I., IN THE ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

FAMED for the contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies ;
Between them stands another sceptred thing —
It moves, it reigns — in all but name, a king :

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
— In him the double tyrant starts to life :
Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail! — since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both — to mould a George.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

["I SPEAK NOT, I TRACE NOT," ETC.] *

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours — can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent — we abjure — we will break from our chain, —
We will part, — we will fly to — unite it again!
Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one! — forsake, if thou wilt; —
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it — whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

* ["Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*." — *Byron to Moore*, May 10, 1814.]

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign —
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glowed above the page where fame
Hath fixed high Caledon's unconquered name ;
The mountain-land which spurned the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame — no tyrant could command ?
That race is gone — but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath :
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England ! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flowed with Wallace flows as free,
But now 't is only shed for fame and thee !
Oh ! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support — the world hath given him fame !

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led —
Who sleep beneath the undistinguished sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath — 't is all their fate allows —
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:

She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
While sad, she chants the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who tarries long —
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven — not man — must charm away the woe
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widowed head;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

"What say *I?*" — not a syllable further in prose;
I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom, — so, here goes!
Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.

If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the
flood,
We are smothered, at least, in respectable mud,
Where the Divers of Bathos lie drowned in a heap,
And Southey's last Pæan has pillowed his sleep; —
That "Felo de se" who, half drunk with his malmsey,
Walked out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never
man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes, —
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Het-
man, — [man.
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party, —
For a prince, his demeanor was rather too hearty.
You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

* * * * * * *

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and
brisker,
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
-mere breeches whisked round, in a waltz with the
Jersey,
Who, lovely as ever, seemed just as delighted
With majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

June, 1814.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.*

When the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obeyed, and yet abhorred,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave, or just;
What most admired each scrutinizing eye
Of all that decked that passing pageantry?
What spread from face to face that wondering air?
The thought of Brutus — for his was not there!
That absence proved his worth, — that absence fixed
His memory on the longing mind, unmixed;
And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.
  If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thine own had rendered less;
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
If his corrupted eye, and withered heart,
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;

* [" The newspapers have got hold (I know not how) of the Condolatory Address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them — with my name, too, smack — without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so — I shall say no more about it." — *Byron's Letters.*]

That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.
  What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
A garden with all flowers — except the rose; —
A fount that only wants its living stream;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
And more on that recalled resemblance pause,
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.
  Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:
The symmetry of youth — the grace of mien —
The eye that gladdens — and the brow serene;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.
These are not lessened, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
And those must wait till every charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none; —
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness passed thy portrait by;
Who racked his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar! from the banquet turn,
  Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
Behold! while yet before thee burn
  The graven words, the glowing wall.
Many a despot men miscall
  Crowned and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all —
  Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow —
  Gray hairs but poorly wreathe with them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
  More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnished every gem: —
  Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, even slaves contemn;
  And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weighed,
  And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decayed,
  And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
  But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth —
  Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.*

There is a tear for all that die,
  A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
  And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
  O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
  All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
  An epitaph on every tongue:
The present hours, the future age,
  For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
  Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
  The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
  Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
  Who would not die the death they chose?

* [This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst commanding, on shore, a party from his ship, in the attack on the American camp near Baltimore. He was Byron's first cousin; but they had never met since boyhood.]

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
  Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valor, glowing, find
  A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
  In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
  Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
  When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
  While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
  They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
  Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

["THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE," ETC.]

> "O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
> Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
> Felix! in imo qui scatentem
> Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
>
> GRAY'S *Poemata.*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

* These verses were given by Byron to Mr. Power, who published them, with beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson. ["I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not — set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands."] — *Byron to Moore.*

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest; [wreathe,
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.*

March, 1815.

* ["Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year? I don't wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald) to claim the character of 'Vates,' in all its translations, — but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning, 'There's not a joy the world can give,' etc., on which I pique myself as being the *truest*, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote." — *Byron's Letters*, March, 1816.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

["THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS."]

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
  As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his foes.

March 27, 1815.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

["WE DO NOT CURSE THEE, WATERLOO!"]

I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 't was shed, but is not sunk —
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion —
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost Labedoyère —
With that of him whose honored grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 't will burst asunder —
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder —
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,
Show'ring down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.*

* See Rev. chap. viii. *v.* 7, etc. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," etc. *v.* 8. "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier citizen
Swayed not o'er his fellow-men —
Save in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son —
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyrrany commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell: — so perish all,
Who would men by man enthrall!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refused thee even a tomb; *
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,

the sea became blood," etc. *v.* 10. "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." *v.* 11. "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood:* and the third part of the waters became *wormwood;* and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

* ["Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt. Poor dear Murat, what an end! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul nor body to be bandaged." — *Byron's Letters.*]

Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
  On thy war-horse through the ranks
  Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee —
Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once — as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
It rolled in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendency, —
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
  Of the eagle's burning crest —
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
  Who could then her wing arrest —
  Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
  Fell, or fled along the plain;
There be sure was Murat charging!
  There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch —
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought —
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause —
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion —
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued —
Man may die — the soul's renewed:

Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit —
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble —
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

["MUST THOU GO, MY GLORIOUS CHIEF?"] †

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
Severed from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me —

* ["Talking of politics, pray look at the conclusion of my 'Ode on Waterloo,' written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of '*Vates*,' in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge? —

'Crimson tears will follow yet;'

and have they not?" — *Byron's Letters*, 1820.]

† "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."

What are they to all I feel,
  With a soldier's faith for thee?

II.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
  First in fight, but mightiest now:
Many could a world control;
  Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
  Death; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
  Blessing him they served so well.*

III.

Would that I were cold with those,
  Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes
  Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free!
  Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
  Gazing on thy soul unbent.

* "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu' à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true." — *Private Letter from Brussels.*

IV.

Would the sycophants of him
  Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrowed glories dim,
  In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
  All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
  Hearts like those which still are thine?

V.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
  Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
  As his foes I now implore:
All I ask is to divide
  Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
  His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave! — whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead —
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet, —

Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honor here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colors,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:

* The tricolor.

The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name —
She abandons me now — but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;

I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned
me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were
won —
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was
blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

III.

Farewell to thee, France! — but when Liberty ral-
lies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then, —
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again —
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice —
There are links which must break in the chain that
has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she!
"To love, to honor," and so forth:
Such was the vow you pledged to me,
And here's exactly what 't is worth.

DARKNESS.*

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;

* [In the original MS. — "A Dream."]

Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang

Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shrieked, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them — She was the Universe.*

Diodati, July, 1816.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE;†

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw

* [" Darkness " is a grand and gloomy sketch of the supposed consequences of the final extinction of the Sun and the heavenly bodies; executed, undoubtedly, with great and fearful force, but with something of German exaggeration, and a fantastical solution of incidents. The very conception is terrible above all conception of known calamity, and is too oppressive to the imagination to be contemplated with pleasure, even in the faint reflection of poetry. — JEFFREY.]

† [On the sheet containing the original draught of these lines, Byron has written: — " The following poem (as most that I have endeavored to write) is founded on a fact; and this detail is an attempt at a serious imitation of the style of a great poet — its beauties and its defects: I say, the *style;* for the thoughts I claim as my own. In this, if there be any thing ridiculous, let it be

The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
  With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I asked
  The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
  Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answered — "Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of Sextonship,
  And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip
  The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honor and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon, and so successless? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
  Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers; — as he caught
As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,

attributed to me, at least as much as to Mr. Wordsworth; of whom there can exist few greater admirers than myself. I have blended what I would deem to be the beauties as well as defects, of his style; and it ought to be remembered, that, in such things, whether there be praise or dispraise, there is always what is called a compliment, however unintentional."]

Thus spoke he, — "I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honor, — and myself whate'er
Your honor pleases," — then most pleased I shook *
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently: — Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a softened eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame, —
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.†

Diodati, 1816.

* [Originally —

— "then most pleased, I shook
My inmost pocket's most retired nook,
And out fell five and sixpence."]

† [The grave of Churchill might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for, though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The wri-

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
  The sufferings of mortality,
  Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
  Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
  Until his voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
  Between the suffering and the will,
  Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,

tings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill-regulated generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. Both died in the flower of their age in a foreign land. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
  To render with thy precepts less
  The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
  Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
  A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
  To Mortals of their fate and force;

Like thee, Man is in part divine,
  A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
  And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
  Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, July, 1816.

A FRAGMENT.

["COULD I REMOUNT," ETC.]

COULD I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of withered flowers,
But bid it flow as now — until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * * *

What is this Death? — a quiet of the heart?
The whole of that of which we are a part?

For life is but a vision — what I see
Of all which lives alone is life to me,
And being so — the absent are the dead,
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
A dreary shroud around us, and invest
With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.
  The absent are the dead — for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless, — or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided — equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both — but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.
  The under-earth inhabitants — are they
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
The ashes of a thousand ages spread
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
Or do they in their silent cities dwell
Each in his incommunicative cell?
Or have they their own language? and a sense
Of breathless being? — darkened and intense
As midnight in her solitude? — Oh Earth!
Where are the past? — and wherefore had they
birth?
The dead are thy inheritors — and we
But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
Of thy profundity is in the grave,
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,

Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
Our elements resolved to things untold,
And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
The essence of great bosoms now no more.

* * * * * *

Diodati, July, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

Rousseau — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and De Staël —
Leman! * these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

Diodati, July, 1816.

* Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

["BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL!"]

I.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
  No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
  In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
  As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
  When we know that thy God is with thee.

II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
  May its verdure like emeralds be!
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
  In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
  May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
  For why should we mourn for the blest?

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.

The effect of the original ballad — which existed both in Spanish and Arabic — was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.

El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.

I.

PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

II.

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

III.

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

I.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

II.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

III.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

IV.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafiles de plata.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

V.

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

VI.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

VII.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava: —
Par que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?
Ay de mi, Alhama!

IV.

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

V.

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

VI.

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

VII.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, oh King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

VIII.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Christianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

IX.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana:—
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey; bien se te empleava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

X.

Mataste los 'Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XI.

Por esso mereces, Rey,
Una pene bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

VIII.

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

IX.

Out then spake Old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
"Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

X.

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XI.

"And for this, oh King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XII.

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierdas Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XIII.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El Rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XIV.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
De darle a Reyes disgusto —
Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XV.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XII.

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIII.

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIV.

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:" —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XV.

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVI.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea,
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVII.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVIII.

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el Rey perdiò su tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XIX.

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l'un y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XVI.

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVII.

"Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish Monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVIII.

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIX.

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XX.

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXI.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el Rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXII.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XXIII.

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

XX.

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXI.

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXII.

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXIII.

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata, e diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte,
Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,
Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte
L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedeo.
La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
A le fumanti tede d' imeneo:
La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte
Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.
Ma tu almeno potrai de la gelosa
Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,
La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.
Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onde,
Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,
Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
  Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
  Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
  And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
  Becomes extinguished, soon — too soon — expires;
  But thine, within the closing grate retired,
  Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
  Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
  May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more;
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
  Rush, — the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
  And knock, and knock, and knock — but none replies.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.*

In this beloved marble view,
  Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
  And beauty and Canova *can!*
Beyond imagination's power,
  Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
  Behold the *Helen* of the *heart!*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

["THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS."]

I.

They say that Hope is happiness;
  But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
  They rose the first — they set the last;

* ["The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi) is," says Byron, "without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution."]

II.

And all that Memory loves the most
  Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
  Hath melted into Memory.

III.

Alas! it is delusion all:
  The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
  Nor dare we think on what we are.

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
      So we, boys, we
  Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

II.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
  We will fling the winding sheet
  O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has poured.

III.

Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

December, 1816.

VERSICLES.*

I READ the "Christabel;"
Very well:
I read the "Missionary;"
Pretty — very:
I tried at "Ilderim;"
Ahem!
I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou;*" †
Can you?
I turned a page of Scott's "Waterloo;"
Pooh! pooh!

* ["I have been ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be. But, at length, after a week of half delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headache, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see my physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place. Here are some versicles, which I made one sleepless night." — *Byron's Letters.* Venice, March, 1817.]

† [The "Missionary," was written by Mr. Bowles; "Ilderim" by Mr. Gally Knight; and "Margaret of Anjou" by Miss Holford.]

I looked at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone
Doe;"
Hillo!
Etc., etc., etc.

March, 1817.

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

I.

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

II.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

III.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

1817.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

What are you doing now,
  Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
  Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
  Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
  Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival's coming,
  Oh Thomas Moore!
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming,
  Oh Thomas Moore!

TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
  Have published "Anjou's Margaret,"
Which won't be sold off in a hurry
  (At least, it has not been as yet);

And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse you set up "Ilderim;"
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous — *very*,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Galley;*
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

I.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

II.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

III.

Though the ocean roar around me,
  Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
  It hath springs that may be won.

IV.

Were't the last drop in the well,
  As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
  'T is to thee that I would drink.

V.

With that water, as this wine,
  The libation I would pour
Should be — peace to thine and mine,
  And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July, 1817.

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.*

Dear Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way, —

* ["I never," says Byron, "was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and tracasseries, and emptiness, and ill-humor, and vanity of this young person; but he has some talent, and is a man of honor, and has dispositions of amendment. Therefore use your interest

Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shattered nerves and quickened pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's concoction full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and every body dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see:
And for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible,
But — and I grieve to speak it — plays
Are drugs — mere drugs, sir — now-a-days.
I had a heavy loss by "Manuel," —
Too lucky if it prove not annual, —
And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
(Which, by the by, the author's best is,)
Has lain so very long on hand
That I despair of all demand.

for him, for he is improved and improvable. You want a 'civil and delicate declension' for the medical tragedy? Take it." — *Byron to Mr. Murray*, August 21, 1817.]

I've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my shopman's looks; —
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There 's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of — it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
So altered since last year his pen is,
I think he 's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches through the streets so thunder!
My room 's so full — we've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly — Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review! —
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what — but, to resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room —
The room 's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards
And others, neither bards nor wits: —
My humble tenement admits

All persons in the dress of gent.,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way;
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They 're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away.—
But, to return, sir, to your play:
Sorry, sir, but I can not deal,
Unless 't were acted by O'Neill.
My hands so full, my head so busy,
I 'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And so, with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

My dear Mr. Murray,
Your 're in a damned hurry
To set up this ultimate Canto;*
But (if they do n't rob us)
You 'll see Mr. Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

* [The fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."]

For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
  No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
  Our "Beppo:" — when copied, I'll send it

Then you've * * *'s Tour, —
No great things, to be sure, —
  You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascallion,
Who don't speak Italian
  Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.

You can make any loss up
With "Spence" and his gossip,
  A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
  Must make people purchase and read.

Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
  To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlish,
  They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd," *
With whom you'd conclude
  A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, sir, to mention *your pay.*

Venice, January 8, 1818.

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
  My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all — and sellest some —
  My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen, —
But where is thy new Magazine,
  My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine —
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
  My Murray.

* *Vide* your letter.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist:
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray!

Venice, March 25, 1818.

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With — still to keep him in good case —
The health and appetite of Rizzo.*

* [On the birth of this child, the son of the British vice-consul at Venice, Byron wrote these lines. They are in no other respect remarkable, than that they were thought worthy of being metrically translated into no less than ten different languages; namely, Greek, Latin, Italian (also in the Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan. The original lines, with the different versions above mentioned, were printed, in a small neat volume, in the seminary of Padua.]

STANZAS TO THE PO.

[About the middle of April, 1819, Byron travelled from Venice to Ravenna, at which last city he expected to find the Countess Guiccioli. The following stanzas, which have been as much admired as any of the kind he ever wrote, were composed, according to Madame Guiccioli's statement, during this journey, and while Byron was actually sailing on the Po. In transmitting them to England, in May, 1820, he says,—"They must not be published: pray recollect this, as they are mere verses of society, and written upon private feelings and passions." They were first printed in 1824.]

I.

River, that rollest by the ancient walls,*
  Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
  A faint and fleeting memory of me;

II.

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
  A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
  Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

* [Ravenna—a city to which Byron afterwards declared himself more attached than to any other place, except Greece. He resided in it rather more than two years.]

III.

What do I say — a mirror of my heart?
  Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
  And such as thou art were my passions long.

IV.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, — not for ever;
  Thou overflow'st thy bauks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
  Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away.

V.

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
  Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
  And I — to loving *one* I should not love.

VI.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
  Her native walls and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
  The twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.

VII.

She will look on thee, — I have looked on thee,
  Full of that thought; and from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
  Without the inseparable sigh for her!

VIII.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream, —
  Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
  That happy wave repass me in its flow!

IX.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
  Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep? —
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
  I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

X.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
  Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
  As various as the climates of our birth.

XI.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
  Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fanned
  By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

XII.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
  I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,
  A slave again of love, — at least of thee.

XIII.

'Tis vain to struggle — let me perish young —
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

April. 1819.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

If, for silver or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;
Yet even *then* 't would be d——d ugly.

Aug. 12, 1819.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less, —
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.

Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is 't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12, 1819.*

STANZAS.†

["COULD LOVE FOREVER."]

I.

COULD Love forever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavor
Be tried in vain —

* ["So the prince has been repealing Lord Fitzgerald's forfeiture?. Ecco un' sonetto? There, you dogs! there 's a sonnet for you: you wont have such as that in a hurry from Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good: it was a very noble piece of principality." — *Byron to Mr. Murray.*]

† [A friend of Byron's, who was with him at Ravenna when he wrote these stanzas, says, — "They were composed, like many others, with no view of publication, but merely to relieve himself in a moment of suffering. He had been painfully excited by some circumstances which appeared to make it necessary that he should immediately quit Italy; and in the day and the hour that he wrote the song was laboring under an access of fever."]

No other pleasure
With this could measure;
And like a treasure
  We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,
  Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season;
But let that season be only Spring.

II.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
  Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
  For whom they sigh!
When linked together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feather
  From out his wing —
He'll stay forever,
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the Spring.*

* [V. L. — "That sped his Spring."]

III.

Like Chiefs of Faction,
His life is action —
A formal paction
That curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Despot no more, he
Such territory
Quits with disdain.
Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,
He must move on —
Repose but cloys him,
Retreat destroys him,
Love brooks not a degraded throne.

IV.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,
As from a dream.
While each bewailing
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem —
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing
All passion blight:

If once diminished
Love's reign is finished —
Then part in friendship, — and bid good-night.*

V.

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connection
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces —
The same fond faces
As through the past;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors
Reflect but rapture — not least though last.

VI.

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!

* [V. L. — "One last embrace, then, and bid good-night."]

But yet remaining,
What is 't but chaining
Hearts which, once waning,
  Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love,
And use destroy love:
The winged boy, Love,
  Is but for boys —
You 'll find it torture
Though sharper, shorter,
To wean, and not wear out your joys.

1819.

ON MY WEDDING DAY.

HERE 's a happy new year! but with reason
  I beg you 'll permit me to say —
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
  But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

Jan. 2, 1820.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doomed to grapple
  Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
  Now lies in the Abbey.

January, 1820

EPIGRAM.

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

January, 1820.

STANZAS.

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbors;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you 'll get knighted.

November, 1820.

EPIGRAM.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE CHARITY BALL.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"
What matters — a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appall —
That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!" *

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BRAZIERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.†

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass; —
A superfluous pageant — for, by the Lord Harry!
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry.‡

* These lines were written on reading in the newspapers, that Lady Byron had been patroness of a ball in aid of some charity at Hinckley.

† [The procession of the Braziers to Brandenburgh House was one of the fooleries of the time of Queen Caroline's trial.]

‡ [There is an epigram for you, is it not? — worthy

Of Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told you at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry."

Byron's Letters, January 22, 1821.]

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you: —
'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2, 1821.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

JANUARY 22, 1821.*

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three and thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing — except thirty-three.

* [In Byron's MS. Diary of the preceding day, the following entry:— "To-morrow is my birth-day— that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight; i. e. in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! — and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose. * * * * * * * * * *
It is three minutes past twelve — ' 'T is the middle of night by the castle-clock,' and I am now thirty-three! —

'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni;' —

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done."]

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Epig. I.

Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Tota notus in orbe Martialis, etc.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it —
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

NEW DUET

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

Why, how now, saucy Tom?
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER.

Why, how now, Billy Bowles?
Sure the priest is maudlin!
(*To the public*) How can you, d—n your souls,
Listen to his twaddling?

February 22, 1821.

EPIGRAMS.

Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat! — The worst
Of this is, — that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last! — He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

EPITAPH.

Posterity will ne'er survey
A nobler grave than this:
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
Stop, traveller ———

JOHN KEATS.*

Who killed John Keats?
"I," says the Quarterly,

* [It was pretended at the time, that the death of Keats was occasioned by a sarcastic article on his poetry in the Quarterly

So savage and Tartarly;
"'T was one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?
"The poet priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
"Or Southey, or Barrow."

July, 1821.

THE CONQUEST.

[This fragment was found amongst Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

March 8-9, 1823.

I.

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
And left the name of conqueror more than king
To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not fanned alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
He reared his bold and brilliant throne on high:
The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

Review. All the world knows now that he died of consumption and not of criticism.]

TO MR. MURRAY.

For Orford * and for Waldegrave †
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 't is said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose —
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly crammed,
So, if *you will*, *I* shan't be shammed,
And if you *won't*, *you* may be damned,
My Murray.‡

* [Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the last nine Years of the Reign of George II.]

† [Memoirs by James Earl Waldegrave, Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales.]

‡ [" Can't accept your courteous offer. These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honor. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season' — 'flat public' — 'don't go off' — 'lordship

THE IRISH AVATAR

"And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider." — CURRAN.

I.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherished isle which he loved like his — bride.

II.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betrayed not, or crushed not, or wept not her cause.

III.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and the senate 's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

writes too much' — 'won't take advice' — 'declining popularity' — 'deduction for the trade' — 'make very little' — 'generally lose by him' — 'pirated edition' — 'foreign edition' — 'severe criticisms,' etc., with other hints and howls for an oration which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer." — *Byron to Mr. Murray.*

IV.

To her desolate shore — where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

V.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

VI.

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part —
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the green in his *hat* be transferred to his *heart!*

VII.

Could that long-withered spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise —
Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

VIII.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
  Were he God — as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow —
  Such servile devotion might shame him away.

IX.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
  Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride —
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
  His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

X.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
  So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
  And his rival or victor in all he possessed.

XI.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
  Though unequalled, preceded, the task was begun —
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
  Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one!*

XII.

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute:
  With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
  And Corruption shrunk scorched from the glance
    of his mind.

XIII.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
  Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
  When a week's saturnalia hath loosened her chain.

XIV.

Let the poor squalid splendor thy wreck can afford
  (As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!
  Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

XV.

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
  If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be classed
  With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

XVI.

Each brute hath its nature, a king is to *reign*, —
  To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
  From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

XVII.

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
  His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince

Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

XVIII.

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

XIX.

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite —
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

XX.

Spread — spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called "George!"

XXI.

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!

Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow.

XXII.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone —
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers!

XXIII.

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

XXIV.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race —
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

XXV.

If she did — let her long-boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring —
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flushed,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

XXVI.

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

XXVII.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee!*

XXVIII.

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

XXIX.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeemed, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

XXX.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day —

Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamped in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

XXXI.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy *dead.*

XXXII.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore! *

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.

I.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

* [" The enclosed lines, as you will directly perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. Bowles. Of course it is for *him* to deny them, if they are not." — *Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, Sept. 17, 1821.]

II.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'T is but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

III.

Oh FAME! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

IV.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.*

* [" I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa." — *Byron's Diary*, Pisa, 6th Nov. 1821.]

STANZAS:

TO A HINDOO AIR.

[These verses were written by Byron a little before he left Italy for Greece. They were meant to suit the Hindostanee air — "Alla Malla Punca," which the Countess Guiccioli was fond of singing.]

Oh! — my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow!
Where is my lover? where is my lover?
Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover?
Far — far away! and alone along the billow?

Oh! my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow!
Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay?
How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,
And my head droops over thee like the willow. —

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow!
Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from
breaking;
In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking,
Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow. —

Then if thou wilt — no more my *lonely* Pillow,
In one embrace let these arms again enfold him,
And then expire of the joy — but to behold him!
Oh! my lone bosom! — oh! my lonely Pillow!

IMPROMPTU.*

Beneath Blessington's eyes
The Reclaimed Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an Apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the Devil? †

1823.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

You have asked for a verse: — the request
In a rhymer 't were strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

* [This impromptu was uttered by Byron on going with Lord and Lady Blessington to a villa at Genoa called "*Il Paradiso*," which his companions thought of renting.]

† [The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa had been the one fixed on for his own residence, they said, "Il Diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso." — Moore.]

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

My life is not dated by years —
There are moments which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.*

I.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

* [This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said with a smile — "You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write." He then produced these noble and affecting verses. — Count Gamba.]

II.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

III.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile!

IV.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

V.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

VI.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

VII.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

VIII.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

IX.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

X.

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.*

* [Taking into consideration every thing connected with these verses, — the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole, — there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest. — MOORE.]

END OF VOL. I.

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